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A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

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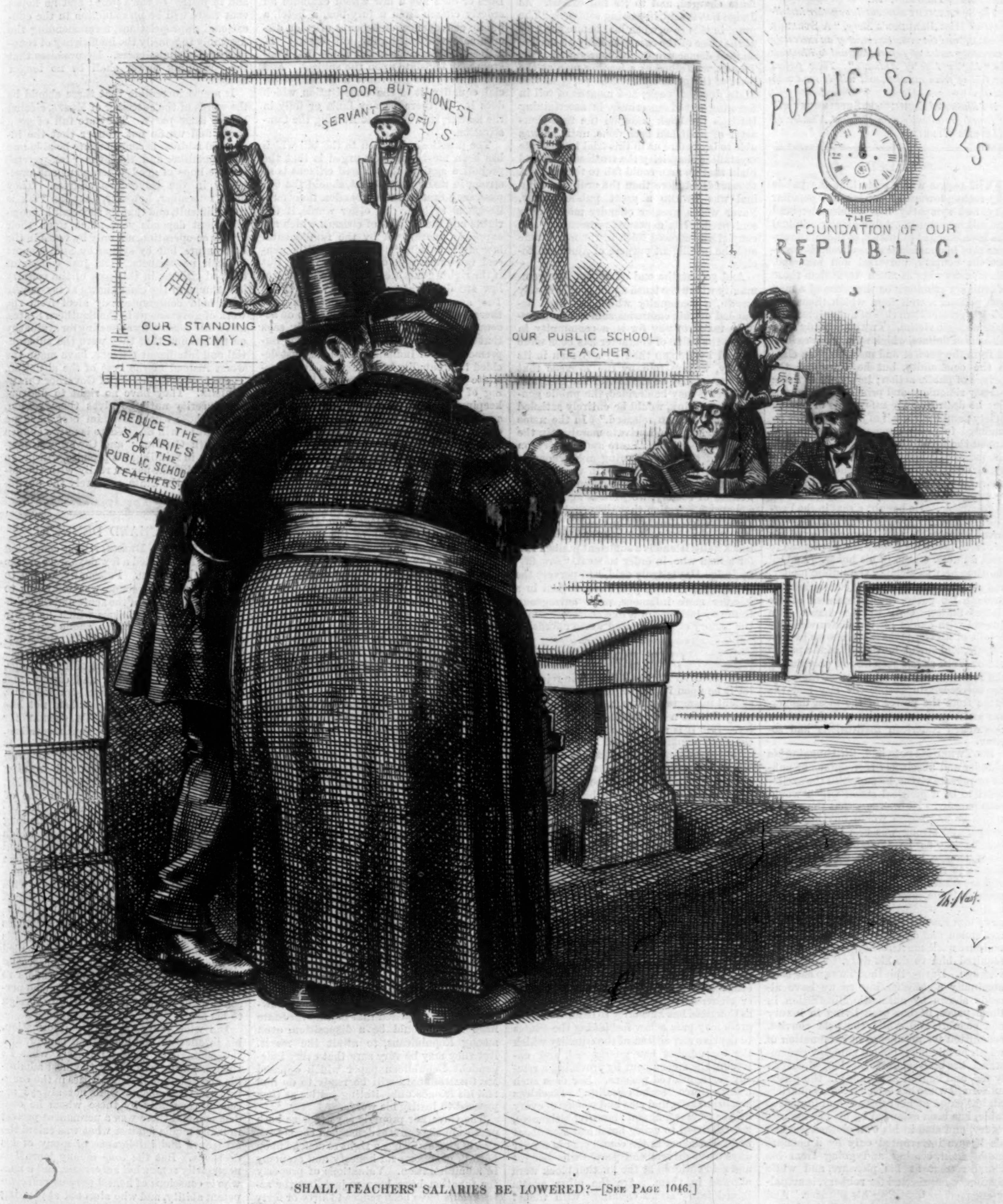
POOR BUT HONEST
SERVANT OF U.S.
OUR STANDING U.S. ARMY.
OUR PUBLIC SCHOOL TEACHER.
THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS THE FOUNDATION OF OUR REPUBLIC.
REDUCE THE SALARIES OF THE PUBLIC SCHOOL TEACHERS.
Th. Nast.

SHALL TEACHERS' SALARIES BE LOWERED?—[See Page 1046.]

Enemy of the Public Schools. "That's right: reduce them, and they will die out."

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, December 19, 1874.

☞ *With this Number of* Harper's Weekly *is sent out gratuitously an illustrated*

EIGHT-PAGE SUPPLEMENT,

embellished with a beautiful double-page engraving called "Sea-weed Gatherers," several interesting sketches from the Island of Vulcano, views of the "Roman Tattersalls," etc.

The Supplement *also contains another installment of* Miss Braddon's *Story,* "A Strange World," *and the commencement of an extremely interesting series of papers designed to illustrate the "Higher Life of Animals." These papers are full of fresh anecdote, and will be read with avidity.*

An illustrated Eight-page Supplement *will be issued gratuitously with the next Number of* Harper's Weekly.

TWEED.

The papers which state that the public feeling toward Tweed is one of peculiar pity and sympathy totally misunderstand and misrepresent it. As no greater criminal has been brought to justice, so the public approval of his punishment has been, throughout the country, universal and profound. His offenses were as much worse than those of ordinary criminals as the crime of a man who poisons a well from which thousands drink is greater than that of a murderer who slays a single victim. Tweed not only stole millions of dollars, which were really extorted from the poorest and most helpless class in the community, but he corrupted the springs of public action; he sought to make honesty ridiculous and principle contemptible; he destroyed the safeguards of human society; and with an air of jolly vulgarity he pandered to every dangerous passion, and sapped the foundations of the government. The most conspicuous criminal in the country, he defied public opinion and bought the law. He owned judges, and held in leash lawyers once reputable and newspapers called honorable. He bought a seat in the Legislature, and the Governor was his tool. He forced respectable men, through fear of his power, to honor his family and to propose to erect a public statue in his honor. And all the time he was stealing the public money, and proposing to control, by corruption and through his party, the government of the United States. Only by the chance of a quarrel with one of his associates were the details of his enormous thefts shown beyond dispute, and such a movement of the people of New York as has been known only during the rebellion for the salvation of the country succeeded in saving the city and the State from the power of the most dangerous and sagacious conspiracy that has ever threatened American institutions and society.

But Tweed did not yield. Still hugging his plunder and absolutely incredulous of public or private virtue, he supposed the excitement to be a political storm which would soon pass by. He was sure that the money which he had stolen would buy his entire escape. So strong was this belief that at last, having as he thought provided for every chance, he appeared for trial. But thanks to the fidelity, tenacity, and ability of honest men, he was convicted before an upright judge, and sentenced to the penitentiary. The Sheriff, one of his retainers, gave him time to dispose of the money he had stolen, and delayed the execution of his sentence until the Attorney-General sharply required him to do his duty. This was a year ago. During this time Tweed has been nominally a prisoner, but as we have already shown by authentic illustration in these pages, he has been living in luxury and comfort, and while the poor convict, committed for an offense in extenuation of which he might well plead unhappy circumstance, has been comfortlessly lodged, coarsely fed, and kept at hard labor in the prison uniform, Tweed has been agreeably quartered, has eaten at his separate and luxurious table, has been attended by his private secretary, and clad in his own clothes, has had his leisure interrupted only by a nominal employment, coming and going from his island retreat at his pleasure, and while nominally imprisoned for robbery, is actually engaged in investing his plunder. And when at last he was lately ordered before the court upon a writ of *habeas corpus*, his absence was explained on the ground of his illness, while he was actually in the city, close to the court-room, in his private office, and attended by his secretary. The Governor meanwhile having called the attention of the Mayor to the facts of his treatment at the prison, which were fully exposed in this journal, the Mayor demands an explanation of the Board of Charities and Correction, who have charge of the prisons, and Mr. Laimbeer, one of the board, who had already borne testimony to the unjust favor that was shown to this prisoner, says that he believes Tweed can at any time escape, and he resigns, that he may not share a responsibility which his associates impose upon him.

During all this time not one dollar of the twenty-five millions that Tweed and his confederates took from the public treasury has been recovered, nor has he offered to make the slightest restitution. There is no pretense that he was not guilty of every offense charged, and to its full extent. As Judge Davis said, in passing sentence, "The proof in this case, when laid before the jury at the close of the case, was simply a mathematical demonstration of your guilt......Mr. Tilden, who stood as a leading man at the head of the great Democratic party of this State, devoted weeks and months of toil in ferreting out these crimes, in ascertaining through the bank accounts the true character of what had been done, until he was able to lay before us in this trial in absolute crystalline simplicity the truth so clear and plain that no man could fail to read it." A thousandfold more than the ordinary criminal was Tweed a great public enemy. Never was a greater offender more justly sentenced. His exposure, prosecution, and conviction renewed faith in the moral tone and the intelligent purpose of American society.

And yet, at the end of a year, in a community where the truth about him is wholly known, a community which has been defrauded of this enormous sum and oppressively taxed to pay for it, a community in which the value of character has been more injured by Tweed than by any man in its history, we are told by the *Republic* that "whatever may be the law of the case, and however it may be decided, the public generally, we think, would be entirely satisfied to see Mr. Tweed released." In the name of public honor and private morality, in the name of the city and State and country, on behalf of the poor laboring men whom he degraded while he robbed, in the interest of order, of public decency, and of the moral welfare of society, we protest against this monstrous assertion that the people of New York are good-naturedly tired of justice, and that a year's defiance of the law on Blackwell's Island is a sufficient punishment for a man who, in order to steal, "saw fit," as Judge Davis truly said, "to pervert the powers with which you were clothed in a manner more infamous, more outrageous, than any instance of a like character which the history of the civilized world affords."

CIVIL RIGHTS.

If the Civil Rights Bill is to be rejected, let it be upon its merits, and not upon persistent misrepresentations. It is constantly alleged to be a law to enforce social equality. But it is not. It is a bill to enforce the civil equality secured by the amendments to the Constitution, and the argument which opposes it condemns those amendments. Prejudice can not be abolished by law, we are told, and have been told ever since the antislavery movement began. But we have hitherto failed to discover those persons who are leveling laws at prejudice. Certainly the supporters of the Civil Rights Bill are not. They say only that the Fourteenth Amendment forbids any State to "abridge the privileges or immunities of citizens of the United States," or to "deny to any person within its jurisdiction the equal protection of the laws," and they hold that State laws which forbid certain citizens to serve upon juries by reason of their color, and which for the same reason exclude them from public inns, conveyances, cemeteries, and schools, common to all other citizens, violate that amendment. And as Congress has authority to enforce it, Congress may pass a law forbidding the States to deprive any citizen of the equality which the amendment has guaranteed, and enforcing the amendment by providing a remedy for aggrieved persons. Nor does such a law enforce "social equality." Blacklegs and drunkards, and men and women of every degree of personal and moral repulsiveness, are admitted to every hotel and steamboat and railroad car in the country, as in former days slave-drivers and people who bought and sold children at the auction block were allowed in them. Are the other guests forced into "social equality" with them? But if the prejudice which all honorable persons feel for such people does not authorize their exclusion by law from the common inns and the common conveyances, why should the prejudice against color authorize such laws? There is no more forcing of social equality in the one case than in the other.

Does a law which stigmatizes a class of citizens on account of color violate the equality which the Constitution guarantees? This is the question, and the Slaughter-house decision answers it. "The existence of laws in the States where the newly emancipated negroes resided which discriminated with gross injustice and hardship against them as a class, was the evil to be remedied by this clause, and by it such laws are forbidden. If, however, the States did not conform their laws to its requirements, then, by the fifth section of the article of amendment, Congress was authorized to enforce it by suitable legislation." The laws here spoken of were those which discriminated against certain citizens on account of color. Does or does not a law which excludes an orderly citizen from a jury-box, a hotel, a public conveyance, on account of color, discriminate against him for that reason? If it does, the Supreme Court holds that Congress may legislate upon the subject. And if to remedy the grievance is to enforce social equality, it is the Constitution which does it. If there be any fault or folly in the matter, it is that of so framing the Constitution.

The practical objection to the bill which has been most generally urged is that the prejudice against the colored citizens is so strong in many States that, should the bill pass, such States would abandon their public-school system. In other words, if the rights and immunities of citizens which are expressly guaranteed by the fundamental law are maintained, the result will be general ignorance and consequent vice. But if the rights guaranteed by the fundamental law are deliberately violated, what then? The amended Constitution declares that there shall be no legal discrimination on account of color. The objection merely says that there must be and shall be. The Supreme Court of Indiana, indeed, has just decided that equality of rights does not necessitate "mixed schools" more than the teaching of both sexes in the same schools, or keeping different grades of scholars in the same school. The reply to this is that any distinction or classification for any legitimate school purpose may be made which is not based upon color. Practically, whenever distinctions are made upon grounds of prejudice, equality in the sense contemplated becomes impossible. What in such a case does prejudice mean but unwillingness to treat the negroes as legal equals? If prejudice against the Irish, or the Germans, or the Hebrews, or the Roman Catholics, or the Baptists, or the Freemasons, or the Martha Washingtonians, were strong enough in any State to cause them and their children to be confined to separate inns, conveyances, and schools, no man who knows human nature or the meaning of words would contend that the guarantee of equality was satisfied. When exclusion from the street cars on account of color was abolished, was social equality enforced by law? The amended Constitution secures civil as well as political equality to every citizen of the United States. Let us have that security enforced; and if any State fails to enforce it, let us not leave the aggrieved person without remedy, in face of the explicit declaration that Congress shall have power to enforce it.

A CHANCE FOR SOUTH CAROLINA.

Governor Chamberlain's inaugural address is clearly the work of an able and sagacious man; and should it prove to be the scheme of his official action, every honest and intelligent citizen of South Carolina will be satisfied. He seems to comprehend the situation fully, and his promises justify the pledge of Mr. Elliott, the chairman of the Republican State Committee, and now Speaker of the House in the State Legislature, that Mr. Chamberlain's election would be the beginning of reform. This also was the pledge of Mr. Cardozo, who nominated him in the Convention. Neither Governor Chamberlain nor these gentlemen, however, will be surprised that beyond the State lines there should be a disposition, even among Republicans, to await the result. But they may be very sure that every independent Republican paper which opposed Mr. Chamberlain will be ready to do him and his friends unhesitating justice as they proceed to justify his words.

The Governor properly says that as both parties in the canvass demanded the correction of abuses, he has a right to depend upon both in his efforts for honesty and economy in administration. Valuations of property for taxation have been unjust, but the assessments have been reduced thirty or forty millions of dollars this year, and the Governor says that he will co-operate with the Legislature in obtaining a just valuation, while, so far as the faithful execution of the law depends upon him, no county shall have just cause of complaint. Taxes must be limited to actual requirements. The legislative expenses must be reduced by limiting the session to thirty days, by avoiding special legislation, by reducing the number of officers, and cutting off the contingent legislative expenses—one of the notorious swindles. The public printing system he denounces as indefensible. In three years its cost was $9,108,629. Last winter's settlement of the public debt must be regarded as final, so far as the Legislature and popular action are concerned. When fully funded the entire State debt will amount to $5,740,016. He holds the State responsible for the outstanding bills of the Bank of the State, and advises that they be received for all past-due taxes, and in installments for future taxes. The Governor urges a registry law, as the Constitution requires, and in justice to the voters; and he hopes that there will be no reduction in the educational appropriations, recommending the Assembly to remedy the inefficiency of county school commissioners. He promises that the pardoning power shall be no longer abused.

It seems incredible that these should be the words of the successor of Moses, elected by the same party. They are full of good cheer, and we do not wonder that the inaugural address is considered to be able and statesmanlike, and that the "tax-payers" see the hope of good government and prosperity in the Governor's address. They must remember, however, that his task is most difficult, and that its successful accomplishment depends very much upon their hearty co-operation, not only by votes in the Legislature, but by sympathy and support in their newspapers. The just complaint of good citizens in this part of the country is that men of the class known as tax-payers have held contemptuously aloof from the work of government in the Southern States, and while constantly appealing for sympathy on the ground that they were the substantial and intelligent citizens, have made the worst instead of the best of the situation. They concede the ability of Governor Chamberlain. They have no right to distrust his sincerity until he gives them reason, which those who know him best have no fear that he will do. There is now a chance for South Carolina; and Governor Chamberlain, in fulfilling his promise, will prove whether the tax-payers really wish the advantage of the State, or merely the possession of power.

JOHN RICHARD DENNETT.

John Richard Dennett, long connected with the *Nation*, died a few days since, at the age of thirty-seven. Personally known to very few, even his name was unknown to most of the readers of the acute and thoughtful articles and criticisms which he wrote for the *Nation*, and which shone with the dry and penetrating humor of a mind thoroughly sure of itself, and singularly sensitive to realities. The spirit of his writings, which were always clear and careful, and evidently the work of a well-trained skill, was a hostility to sentimentalism not less pronounced than that of Thackeray for shams and snobbery. By sentimentalism, which is a favorite word in the *Nation*, is meant the substitution of emotion for principle, experience, knowledge, and training in the conduct of life. This tendency Mr. Dennett evidently thought to be one of the chief dangers of the country. He believed that it had been fostered by the long and absorbing antislavery debate, which was substantially a moral movement, and he saw that the habit of considering a man who was "sound" upon that question qualified to deal practically and wisely with every other, was full of various mischief. In this he was in thorough accord with the general tone of the paper. In his articles upon social topics, therefore, and in his criticism of books, he exposed and ridiculed it relentlessly; and the tone of sarcastic contempt often seemed to many readers to show a semi-cynicism, which those who personally knew him felt to be wholly foreign to his heart.

His wide range of literary information, his intellectual acuteness and candor, and the courage of saying precisely what he thought, made him one of the most admirable and valuable literary critics in the country. His judgments were not always accepted, especially by those whom he condemned, and there was a permanent protest in many minds against what was called the arrogance and intolerance of many of his decisions. But the tone of any journal is necessarily somewhat autocratic, and a man who is conscious of honest purpose and competent ability, and who aims not at pleasing and placating, but at telling the truth vigorously, will inevitably arouse sharp opposition. If, however, his critical opinions may have sometimes seemed unjust, the service of a man like Mr. Dennett, whose motto as a writer for the press was emphatically *vera pro gratiis*, is immense, and worthy of the warmest recognition. The very disposition from which the censure sprang, the tendency to say nothing or to say only pleasant things, was the precise evil with which he warred. Criticism meant to him a serious duty to be honestly discharged, and how faithful he was to the end those who habitually read the paper for which he wrote best know and will always gratefully remember.

For a little while Mr. Dennett added to his duties those of Assistant Professor of Rhetoric and English Literature in Harvard College. But his health admonished him that the double labor was too severe, and he thenceforth confined himself to his work upon the *Nation*. He "lived unknown," was never married, and leaves, we believe, few near kindred. But his example of modest fidelity, of careful and thorough training, of heroic disregard of every thing but the ideal standard, his confidence in the final power of disciplined intelligence over the force of mere numbers and the noise of shallow popularity, his brethren of the press may most profitably emulate, for they tend to make the national character which they help to mould more truthful, robust, and humane.

"REGULARITY."

The juggle of "regularity" in party politics has been well exposed in two conspicuous instances during the last year. The theory is that in order to secure the effective organized action of the voluntary association called a party, the members must agree to accept the decision of the majority selected in the usual way. Last year, in the Republican Convention of Massachusetts, General Butler moved at the very opening of the proceedings that every member should agree to support the action of the Convention. The Rev. James Freeman Clarke, of Boston, who was a delegate, showed in a very few words the absurdity of such a proposition to honest and intelligent men, intent upon good government and not merely upon party success; but there were many who thought Mr. Clarke impracticable and visionary. He knew, however, that a convention does not necessarily represent even the opinion of its own party. Indeed, when there are strong personal interests involved, the presumption is that it does not represent the party feeling, but only the power of management and intrigue, so that "regularity" becomes the whip by which schemers use voters against their own convictions and interests, and persuade them to vote, in Mr. John Cochrane's memorable words, for the devil himself if regularly nominated.

The first illustration of which we speak was found in Vermont, where Judge Poland received the regular nomination, and yet in a thoroughly Republican district was disastrously defeated. He and his friends had worked zealously to secure the Convention, naturally supposing that that was the battle, and that "personal preferences would be nobly sacrificed," etc., etc. But the result showed plainly how totally a convention may misrepresent the feeling of the party, and "regularity" mean nothing more than a skillful manipulation of primary meetings. The other illustration is that of General Butler. The nominating Convention voted for him by a hundred votes to six, or some such overwhelming proportion. Nothing could surpass the "regularity" of the nomination. The party in the district had spoken authoritatively, and in the usual and recognized manner. Nothing was plainer than the duty of all good Republicans to support the regular ticket, which represented the real sentiment of the party, which was one of profound admiration of the "sturdy commoner," however a few high-flyers might protest. The election came, and lo! General B. was the highest flyer of all.

"Regularity" in the general's case meant only that a few managers had been through the "deestrick" and "put up" the candidates to the nominating Convention. The cry of "regularity" meant that the Convention spoke for the party. But the fact was that it spoke only for the candidate and his henchmen. The moral is that "regularity" is no guide whatever. A Republican might be willing to trust the judgment of his fellow-partisans in the county or district in regard to a man of whom he knew nothing. But "regularity" does not certify even that. Under our present system it may as utterly falsify the feeling of the party as General Butler's nominating Convention did. The voters in his district and in that of Judge Poland have given the country a practical illustration of that fact, which it will be well to lay to heart. They have effectually dispelled the glamour of "regularity," and have shown that the total defeat of its unworthy regular candidates may be the truest service to a party.

The only sure way is to vote for no candidate who is not known to be worthy, either directly or by trusty representation; and if this principle should lead to the reduction of the number of elective candidates to a very few, so much the better for the country. The great multitude of elective offices is an immense advantage to dishonest politics. Let us have a few men only elected, and hold them to a strict responsibility for the subordinates whom they appoint, and we shall have a simpler, more manageable, more economical, more efficient, and infinitely purer government.

THE NEW YORK CONSTITUTIONAL AMENDMENTS.

We are glad to note the triumphant adoption of the constitutional amendments in this State, to which, as explained in the admirable little pamphlet of Mr. Prince, we frequently called attention before the election. They have been all adopted by very large majorities. The amendment forbidding special legislation has a majority of more than 300,000 in a vote of somewhat more than 500,000, the exact figures, according to the report of the Council of Political Reform, being 414,345 in favor of the amendment, and 97,965 against it. The largest vote was on the amendment to the second article, which provides additional security against bribery at elections. The whole number in favor was 459,658, and against it 179,891. This was the amendment which Mr. John Kelly tried to defeat in the city, which gave a majority against it of more than 2000. Mr. Dorman B. Eaton, chairman of the committee of the Council of Reform, which was charged with the care of the amendments, reports that it engaged the services of more than 10,000 citizens in the State, and distributed 20,000 documents, and he mentions that some 400 newspapers actively advocated the amendments. The result is in every way satisfactory, and must be peculiarly gratifying to the thirty-two eminent citizens of both parties who composed the Commission that prepared the amendments which have proved so signally acceptable to the people of the State.

THE ARKANSAS CASE.

Judge Jameson has written a letter to the Chicago *Tribune* in which he says distinctly, "I think it established in the public law of the United States that it is always in the power of a Legislature to call a Convention whenever it may deem it necessary or expedient to do so with a view either to amend or remodel the Constitution." The only exception he allows is an express prohibition by the Constitution itself of the exercise of such a power. This is conclusive, so far as the great authority of Judge Jameson is concerned, and will be very decisive as to the legitimacy of the action in Arkansas. Should this opinion be regarded as conclusive, the only question that remains in that State is that of the legality of Baxter's action in making vacancies in the Legislature and changing the boards of registry.

This position of Judge Jameson, however, is entirely different from that of those who assert that the people, being the source of power, may change the Constitution when and how they choose. This is the ground which Mr. Hallett took in the Rhode Island case, and which Judge Jameson describes as "absurd and ridiculous." His opinion is now evidently much more positive upon the point in question than it was when his work was published, for in that he describes the constitutional revision in Pennsylvania in 1790, in Delaware in 1792, and in Maryland in 1851, where the methods provided in the Constitutions were disregarded, as "wholly illegitimate." The question has been always surrounded with doubt, and Judge Jameson has now done very much to settle it finally.

PERSONAL.

Let Mr. Thomas Carlyle no longer arrogate to himself the honor of being the most original of phrasists, *i. e.*, a maker of pithy sentences of the kind described in the *Biglow Papers*,

> "Suthin combinin' moril truth
> With phrases such as strikes."

A new claimant has appeared in the person of Mr. Holme, Mayor elect of Derby, England, who in a recent speech stated that his maxim through life had been "a maximum of deeds for a minimum of words."

—The Queen of England, it is said, has expressed great dissatisfaction at the publication of the *Greville Memoirs*, in which various sayings and doings of her ancestors are jotted down with a certain frank indifference as to whose corns are stepped upon, and with a provoking clearness and sauciness of style. The consequence has been a call for new editions. One of the curious statements of the work is that Macaulay told the author he had read Richardson's *Sir Charles Grandison* through fifteen times.

—Mr. Charles Nordhoff's *Politics for Young Americans*, just published by Harper & Brothers, is having a large sale. It is worth the price of the book to be told in the pithy way that it tells us the exact state of the "greenback" question: "The government issues promises to pay *on the plea that it has no money, and makes them a legal tender because they are not good.*" Mr. Nordhoff also says, "It was noticed once by an eminent English writer that almost all modern reforms in Europe have been made not by enacting new laws, but by repealing a great mass of old ones."

—Mr. Henry Watterson, of the Louisville *Courier-Journal*, under the thin pretense that it was told by "a Western paper," says that a female book agent at La Crosse knocked a lawyer down with a twenty-two dollar Bible, and then knocked his teeth out with a six-dollar hymn-book. Its comment on this extra-judicial movement of the lady is, "Arm that woman with an ordinary library of costly religious books and she would whip her weight in wild-cats."

—Senator Carl Schurz, who of late has been addressing the public from the lecture-room, expresses the opinion that one of the great obstacles in the way of educational progress is the inadequate pay which teachers receive, not only in America, but in all other countries. He condemned the practice of compelling scholars to get their lessons by rote, and called attention to the importance of home influence in the education of girls.

—We are glad to see that the rumors of the sale of the Philadelphia *Press* which have been floating about for some time past have been set at rest by an authoritative contradiction. The paper will remain in the sole proprietorship of Colonel John W. Forney, under whose able management it has attained its present high position of popularity and influence, and no changes in its editorial department are in contemplation.

—On Saturday evening, the 28th ult., the Century Club gave a reception to the Right Hon. William E. Forster, Sir Fowell Buxton, and Professor Bonamy Price, to whom the president, Mr. William Cullen Bryant, in one of those felicitous little speeches which he always makes when occasion requires, said: "We welcome you, gentlemen, to that country which you so nobly defended when the governing class of Great Britain threw the weight of their influence on the side of the enemies of our Union, and when it seemed that the genius of the Old World, as represented by its governments, frowned upon those who were striving to save our republic from dismemberment. Its frowns dismayed us not, nor you either, but it is only just to say that we were encouraged by your sympathy. We welcome you to a country and people who will long remember you as their friends. While I am speaking new hearth fires are lighted in places which yesterday were a solitude, and the story of our great struggle and your sympathy is carried every day further and further into the waste places of our continent. We welcome you to a country which your father, Mr. Forster, and your ancestor, Sir Fowell, had they lived to this day, would have rejoiced with an exceeding joy to see delivered from the blight and shame of slavery."

—Lady Franklin renews her offer of $10,000 for the recovery of any official records of Sir John Franklin's expedition, moved thereto by the fact that the British government is fitting out another arctic expedition.

—From the *Evening Post's* entertaining series of articles, "Among the Book-Makers," we quote the following "personal" of one of the most enterprising, brightest, sweetest, and best of the Boston fraternity—Mr. James R. Osgood: "It is related of the head of the firm (J. R. O.) that when he left the Bowdoin class-rooms his father persisted that he must become a lawyer. He accordingly studied Blackstone in Portland for a few weeks, but built air-castles in quite another direction. He had heard of Ticknor & Fields, and wanted to be a publisher. One day he appeared to them and introduced himself. He was employed, and before many months he became indispensable to their business. Sitting now in his comfortable office, surrounded by his clever and genial partners, by living authors who are almost peerless, by the portraits of those whose memory is dear to the world, and by beautiful editions of beautiful works, he may congratulate himself upon an unusually happy fruition of a boy's dream."

—There are few people in England or America—certainly no travelers—who have not heard of the Cunard Company. They have become, as the ocean has become, one of the stock traditions of the time. But the name "Cunard" is one of those things we talk of vaguely and gravely, as we do of the "Constitution" or the "Principles of '98." Brandreth, apropos of his pill, used to advertise: "What is the constitution? The constitution is that which constitutes." So the Cunard Company is something that has been handed down in connection with the original Cunard. The present man of the Cunard Company, according to that great and good man, Edmund Yates, is Mr. John Burns, of whom he says: "Perhaps there is no town where the elements of society are so antagonistic as in Glasgow; and any man who fills such a large corner of the public eye as Mr. John Burns must be from morning to night a subject for that searching Scotch criticism which pierces through and through a dullard or a hypocrite. Mr. Burns is, in fact, the Cunard Company; or, to speak more precisely, is partner in and principal manager of the most important shipping firm in the world. Mr. MacIver, indeed, represents the Cunard Company at Liverpool, and is therefore better known by hasty travelers than Mr. Burns. But people who are best acquainted with the company's affairs affirm that the admirable organization which has made their vessels the safest means of communication across the Atlantic, and which has hitherto preserved them, during an unexampled career of prosperity, from all perils of sea and shore, is the work of Mr. John Burns."

—It is reported in diplomatic circles that Count von Beust is quite likely to be called from his post as Austro-Hungarian minister to London to be reinstated as Premier of the Austrian cabinet. Count von Beust is now sixty-five years of age, and has been continuously in public life since 1832. During most of this period he has been employed in positions requiring the highest ability and discretion, and has enjoyed in an unusual degree the confidence of his government.

—Since Mr. Chester W. Chapin was elected to Congress, divers and sundry anecdotes of and incidents in his early career have found their way into type, one of which is as follows: When he was a school-boy at Westfield he received a silver quarter for holding Major Morgan's horses, the major then following the elevated calling of stage-driver. It is said that Mr. Chapin has kept that quarter ever since, and that a few days ago he figured up the interest, which, when compounded, amounted to more than $100, and with this amount bought Mrs. Morgan a coupé.

—An industrious rummager among old records at Bordentown, New Jersey, has found an old tax warrant which sets forth that Joseph Bonaparte was taxed in 1821 $160 for 1600 acres of land in that town. Nathan Satterthwaite, who was then assessor, is still alive, and in alluding to it said, "I stuck it on a little, as 'Bony' was rich and could stand it."

—Mr. Charles Nordhoff, for many years Mr. Bryant's able and trusted lieutenant in the management of the *Evening Post*, goes to the national capital this winter as chief of the *Herald's* Washington Bureau. A better selection for a position so responsible, and involving so many difficult and delicate relations, could not have been made. Mr. Nordhoff's intimate knowledge of public men and affairs, his sound judgment, clear perceptions, and vigorous grasp of political questions, combined with exceptional force and readiness as a writer, are just the qualities that fit a man to fill such a station with honor. His high personal character will tend to greatly elevate the general tone of Washington correspondence, which has too often been degraded by the scandal-mongering of irresponsible men, and the frivolous tittle-tattle of prying interviewers. Mr. Nordhoff is well known to the general public as the author of two admirable works on the Pacific coast, embracing California, Oregon, and the Sandwich Islands. His latest book, *Politics for Young Americans*, has already received the stamp of popular approval. In connection with this, it will interest the reading public to know that his work on *The Communistic Societies of the United States* will soon be published simultaneously by the Harpers in New York and by John Murray in London. The *Herald* is to be congratulated on having been able to secure Mr. Nordhoff's services.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

William M. Tweed was brought to this city from the Penitentiary, December 2, on a writ of *habeas corpus*, for review of his sentence, on the grounds, first, that the court which imposed it had no jurisdiction, and second, that an illegal sentence had been imposed, and that the legal term of imprisonment on the conviction, namely, one year, had expired. The writ of *habeas corpus* was quashed by Judge Barrett, and Mr. Tweed was remanded to Blackwell's Island.

A railroad disaster occurred on the 2d inst. near Plymouth, New Hampshire, by which one man was killed and several persons seriously injured.

The public debt statement for November shows a decrease during the month of $123,427 68. The coin balance is $83,043,762 24; currency, $16,699,311 48; coin certificates, $23,045,400; certificates of deposit, $47,120,000.

The nineteenth triennial conclave of the Grand Encampment of Knights Templars of the United States began in New Orleans on the 1st inst. The proceedings opened by a large and brilliant procession escorting the officers of the Grand Encampment from their quarters at the St. Charles Hotel through the principal streets to the Masonic Hall, where an eloquent address of welcome was delivered by M. W. Michael E. Girard, Grand Master of Masons in Louisiana, and a fitting response on behalf of the Grand Encampment by V. E. Sir James H. Hopkins, its Deputy Grand Commander.

FOREIGN NEWS.

In the course of a debate on the Alsace and Lorraine Loan Bill in the German Parliament, November 30, Prince Bismarck said: "In a well-fought war, in which we defended our existence, we conquered those provinces for the empire. It was not for Alsace and Lorraine our soldiers shed their blood. We take our stand upon imperial interests, for which, and not for the sake of their own ecclesiastical interests, we annexed those provinces. We have other grounds for action than those people, whose past leads to Paris and whose present leads to Rome. My own views respecting the creation of an Alsace and Lorraine Parliament, which at first were too sanguine, have been modified since I became acquainted with the attitude of the Deputies from those provinces. Such a Parliament would lead to continual agitation, and perhaps might endanger the peace of the empire. We shall doubtless be obliged to take still more rigorous steps in regard to school matters there. We can not permit the existence of elements which strive to hinder education. My action is guided by imperial interests. I shall not be frightened from my course by reproaches, threats, or persuasion. Before advance is possible we must be convinced of the existence of trustworthy elements. We may expect a better discernment in the rising generation, and must therefore see that good schools are provided for Alsace and Lorraine." The next day a letter was read from Prince Bismarck announcing that the sum for the maintenance of the German legation at the Vatican had been stricken from the budget.

The steamer *La Plata*, from Gravesend for Rio Grande do Sul, foundered at sea November 29. Sixty persons, including the captain, were drowned.

Great Britain has annexed Griqua Land, on the South African coast, thus completing the territorial connection between Cape Colony and Natal.

President M'Mahon presented his message to the French Assembly on the 3d inst. He strongly insisted on the necessity of definite legislation with regard to the constitutional powers, and concluded as follows: "Incessantly agitated by a propaganda of the most pernicious doctrines, the country asks you to guarantee by measures of wise foresight the regular action of the public powers during the period of stability which you promised France. You will shortly examine these grave questions, and an understanding, I hope, will be arrived at. I shall not decline any share of the responsibility, nor will the intervention of my government be wanting. I wish to state how I understand my duties toward the Assembly and the country. I did not accept power to serve the aspirations of any party. I only pursue the work of social defense and national restoration. It is my ardent desire to have the support of men of good-will—those whose personal preferences bow before the present necessities of the sacred cause of country. I claim their support in the name of France, whose welfare and greatness I have alone in view. Nothing will discourage me in the accomplishment of the task. It is my duty not to desert the post in which you have placed me—to occupy it up to the last day with unshaken firmness and scrupulous respect for law."

The Argentine rebellion is ended. General Mitre, the leader of the insurgents, has surrendered, with all his forces, on condition of amnesty being granted.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 19, 1874.

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TWEED.

THE papers which state that the public feeling toward TWEED is one of peculiar pity and sympathy totally misunderstand and misrepresent it. As no greater criminal has been brought to justice, so the public approval of his punishment has been, throughout the country, universal and profound. His offenses were as much worse than those of ordinary criminals as the crime of a man who poisons a well from which thousands drink is greater than that of a murderer who slays a single victim. TWEED not only stole millions of dollars, which were really extorted from the poorest and most helpless class in the community, but he corrupted the springs of public action; he sought to make honesty ridiculous and principle contemptible; he destroyed the safeguards of human society; and with an air of jolly vulgarity he pandered to every dangerous passion, and sapped the foundations of the government. The most conspicuous criminal in the country, he defied public opinion and bought the law. He owned judges, and held in leash lawyers once reputable and newspapers called honorable. He bought a seat in the Legislature, and the Governor was his tool. He forced respectable men, through fear of his power, to honor his family and to propose to erect a public statue in his honor. And all the time he was stealing the public money, and proposing to control, by corruption and through his party, the government of the United States. Only by the chance of a quarrel with one of his associates were the details of his enormous thefts shown beyond dispute, and such a movement of the people of New York as has been known only during the rebellion for the salvation of the country succeeded in saving the city and the State from the power of the most dangerous and sagacious conspiracy that has ever threatened American institutions and society.

But TWEED did not yield. Still hugging his plunder and absolutely incredulous of public or private virtue, he supposed the excitement to be a political storm which would soon pass by. He was sure that the money which he had stolen would buy his entire escape. So strong was this belief that at last, having as he thought provided for every chance, he appeared for trial. But thanks to the fidelity, tenacity, and ability of honest men, he was convicted before an upright judge, and sentenced to the penitentiary. The Sheriff, one of his retainers, gave him time to dispose of the money he had stolen, and delayed the execution of his sentence until the Attorney-General sharply required him to do his duty. This was a year ago. During this time TWEED has been nominally a prisoner, but as we have already shown by authentic illustration in these pages, he has been living in luxury and comfort, and while the poor convict, committed for an offense in extenuation of which he might well plead unhappy circumstance, has been comfortlessly lodged, coarsely fed, and kept at hard labor in the prison uniform, TWEED has been agreeably quartered, has eaten at his separate and luxurious table, has been attended by his private secretary, and clad in his own clothes, has had his leisure interrupted only by a nominal employment, coming and going from his island retreat at his pleasure, and while nominally imprisoned for robbery, is actually engaged in investing his plunder. And when at last he was lately ordered before the court upon a writ of *habeas corpus*, his absence was explained on the ground of his illness, while he was actually in the city, close to the court-room, in his private office, and attended by his secretary. The Governor meanwhile having called the attention of the Mayor to the facts of his treatment at the prison, which were fully exposed in this journal, the Mayor demands an explanation of the Board of Charities and Correction, who have charge of the prisons, and Mr. LAIMBEER, one of the board, who had already borne testimony to the unjust favor that was shown to this prisoner, says that he believes TWEED can at any time escape, and he resigns, that he may not share a responsibility which his associates impose upon him.

During all this time not one dollar of the twenty-five millions that TWEED and his confederates took from the public treasury has been recovered, nor has he offered to make the slightest restitution. There is no pretense that he was not guilty of every offense charged, and to its full extent. As Judge DAVIS said, in passing sentence, "The proof in this case, when laid before the jury at the close of the case, was simply a mathematical demonstration of your guilt......Mr. TILDEN, who stood as a leading man at the head of the great Democratic party of this State, devoted weeks and months of toil in ferreting out these crimes, in ascertaining through the bank accounts the true character of what had been done, until he was able to lay before us in this trial in absolute crystalline simplicity the truth so clear and plain that no man could fail to read it." A thousandfold more than the ordinary criminal was TWEED a great public enemy. Never was a greater offender more justly sentenced. His exposure, prosecution, and conviction renewed faith in the moral tone and the intelligent purpose of American society.

And yet, at the end of a year, in a community where the truth about him is wholly known, a community which has been defrauded of this enormous sum and oppressively taxed to pay for it, a community in which the value of character has been more injured by TWEED than by any man in its history, we are told by the *Republic* that "whatever may be the law of the case, and however it may be decided, the public generally, we think, would be entirely satisfied to see Mr. TWEED released." In the name of public honor and private morality, in the name of the city and State and country, on behalf of the poor laboring men whom he degraded while he robbed, in the interest of order, of public decency, and of the moral welfare of society, we protest against this monstrous assertion that the people of New York are good-naturedly tired of justice, and that a year's defiance of the law on Blackwell's Island is a sufficient punishment for a man who, in order to steal, "saw fit," as Judge DAVIS truly said, "to pervert the powers with which you were clothed in a manner more infamous, more outrageous, than any instance of a like character which the history of the civilized world affords."

CIVIL RIGHTS.

IF the Civil Rights Bill is to be rejected, let it be upon its merits, and not upon persistent misrepresentations. It is constantly alleged to be a law to enforce social equality. But it is not. It is a bill to enforce the civil equality secured by the amendments to the Constitution, and the argument which opposes it condemns those amendments. Prejudice can not be abolished by law, we are told, and have been told ever since the antislavery movement began. But we have hitherto failed to discover those persons who are leveling laws at prejudice. Certainly the supporters of the Civil Rights Bill are not. They say only that the Fourteenth Amendment forbids any State to "abridge the privileges or immunities of citizens of the United States," or to "deny to any person within its jurisdiction the equal protection of the laws," and they hold that State laws which forbid certain citizens to serve upon juries by reason of their color, and which for the same reason exclude them from public inns, conveyances, cemeteries, and schools, common to all other citizens, violate that amendment. And as Congress has authority to enforce it, Congress may pass a law forbidding the States to deprive any citizen of the equality which the amendment has guaranteed, and enforcing the amendment by providing a remedy for aggrieved persons. Nor does such a law enforce "social equality." Blacklegs and drunkards, and men and women of every degree of personal and moral repulsiveness, are admitted to every hotel and steamboat and railroad car in the country, as in former days slave-drivers and people who bought and sold children at the auction block were allowed in them. Are the other guests forced into "social equality" with them? But if the prejudice which all honorable persons feel for such people does not authorize their exclusion by law from the common inns and the common conveyances, why should the prejudice against color authorize such laws? There is no more forcing of social equality in the one case than in the other.

Does a law which stigmatizes a class of citizens on account of color violate the equality which the Constitution guarantees? This is the question, and the Slaughter-house decision answers it. "The existence of laws in the States where the newly emancipated negroes resided which discriminated with gross injustice and hardship against them as a class, was the evil to be remedied by this clause, and by it such laws are forbidden. If, however, the States did not conform their laws to its requirements, then, by the fifth section of the article of amendment, Congress was authorized to enforce it by suitable legislation." The laws here spoken of were those which discriminated against certain citizens on account of color. Does or does not a law which excludes an orderly citizen from a jury-box, a hotel, a public conveyance, on account of color, discriminate against him for that reason? If it does, the Supreme Court holds that Congress may legislate upon the subject. And if to remedy the grievance is to enforce social equality, it is the Constitution which does it. If there be any fault or folly in the matter, it is that of so framing the Constitution.

The practical objection to the bill which has been most generally urged is that the prejudice against the colored citizens is so strong in many States that, should the bill pass, such States would abandon their public-school system. In other words, if the rights and immunities of citizens which are expressly guaranteed by the fundamental law are maintained, the result will be general ignorance and consequent vice. But if the rights guaranteed by the fundamental law are deliberately violated, what then? The amended Constitution declares that there shall be no legal discrimination on account of color. The objection merely says that there must be and shall be. The Supreme Court of Indiana, indeed, has just decided that equality of rights does not necessitate "mixed schools" more than the teaching of both sexes in the same schools, or keeping different grades of scholars in the same school. The reply to this is that any distinction or classification for any legitimate school purpose may be made which is not based upon color. Practically, whenever distinctions are made upon grounds of prejudice, equality in the sense contemplated becomes impossible. What in such a case does prejudice mean but unwillingness to treat the negroes as legal equals? If prejudice against the Irish, or the Germans, or the Hebrews, or the Roman Catholics, or the Baptists, or the Freemasons, or the Martha Washingtonians, were strong enough in any State to cause them and their children to be confined to separate inns, conveyances, and schools, no man who knows human nature or the meaning of words would contend that the guarantee of equality was satisfied. When exclusion from the street cars on account of color was abolished, was social equality enforced by law? The amended Constitution secures civil as well as political equality to every citizen of the United States. Let us have that security enforced; and if any State fails to enforce it, let us not leave the aggrieved person without remedy, in face of the explicit declaration that Congress shall have power to enforce it.

A CHANCE FOR SOUTH CAROLINA.

GOVERNOR CHAMBERLAIN'S inaugural address is clearly the work of an able and sagacious man; and should it prove to be the scheme of his official action, every honest and intelligent citizen of South Carolina will be satisfied. He seems to comprehend the situation fully, and his promises justify the pledge of Mr. ELLIOTT, the chairman of the Republican State Committee, and now Speaker of the House in the State Legislature, that Mr. CHAMBERLAIN'S election would be the beginning of reform. This also was the pledge of Mr. CARDOZO, who nominated him in the Convention. Neither Governor CHAMBERLAIN nor these gentlemen, however, will be surprised that beyond the State lines there should be a disposition, even among Republicans, to await the result. But they may be very sure that every independent Republican paper which opposed Mr. CHAMBERLAIN will be ready to do him and his friends unhesitating justice as they proceed to justify his words.

The Governor properly says that as both parties in the canvass demanded the correction of abuses, he has a right to depend upon both in his efforts for honesty and economy in administration. Valuations of property for taxation have been unjust, but the assessments have been reduced thirty or forty millions of dollars this year, and the Governor says that he will co-operate with the Legislature in obtaining a just valuation, while, so far as the faithful execution of the law depends upon him, no county shall have just cause of complaint. Taxes must be limited to actual requirements. The legislative expenses must be reduced by limiting the session to thirty days, by avoiding special legislation, by reducing the number of officers, and cutting off the contingent legislative expenses—one of the notorious swindles. The public printing system he denounces as indefensible. In three years its cost was $9,108,629. Last winter's settlement of the public debt must be regarded as final, so far as the Legislature and popular action are concerned. When fully funded the entire State debt will amount to $5,740,016. He holds the State responsible for the outstanding bills of the Bank of the State, and advises that they be received for all past-due taxes, and in installments for future taxes. The Governor urges a registry law, as the Constitution requires, and in justice to the voters; and he hopes that there will be no reduction in the educational appropriations, recommending the Assembly to remedy the inefficiency of county school commissioners. He promises that the pardoning power shall be no longer abused.

It seems incredible that these should be the words of the successor of MOSES, elected by the same party. They are full of good cheer, and we do not wonder that the inaugural address is considered to be able and statesmanlike, and that the "tax-payers" see the hope of good government and prosperity in the Governor's address. They must remember, however, that his task is most difficult, and that its successful accomplishment depends very much upon their hearty co-operation, not only by votes in the Legislature, but by sympathy and support in their newspapers. The just complaint of good citizens in this part of the country is that men of the class known as tax-payers have held contemptuously aloof from the work of government in the Southern States, and while constantly appealing for sympathy on the ground that they were the substantial and intelligent citizens, have made the worst instead of the best of the situation. They concede the ability of Governor CHAMBERLAIN. They have no right to distrust his sincerity until he gives them reason, which those who know him best have no fear that he will do. There is now a chance for South Carolina; and Governor CHAMBERLAIN, in fulfilling his promise, will prove whether the tax-payers really wish the advantage of the State, or merely the possession of power.

JOHN RICHARD DENNETT.

JOHN RICHARD DENNETT, long connected with the *Nation*, died a few days since, at the age of thirty-seven. Personally known to very few, even his name was unknown to most of the readers of the acute and thoughtful articles and criticisms which he wrote for the *Nation*, and which shone with the dry and penetrating humor of a mind thoroughly sure of itself, and singularly sensitive to realities. The spirit of his writings, which were always clear and careful, and evidently the work of a well-trained skill, was a hostility to sentimentalism not less pronounced than that of THACKERAY for shams and snobbery. By sentimentalism, which is a favorite word in the *Nation*, is meant the substitution of emotion for principle, experience, knowledge, and training in the conduct of life. This tendency Mr. DENNETT evidently thought to be one of the chief dangers of the country. He believed that it had been fostered by the long and absorbing antislavery debate, which was substantially a moral movement, and he saw that the habit of considering a man who was "sound" upon that question qualified to deal practically and wisely with every other, was full of various mischief. In this he was in thorough accord with the general tone of the paper. In his articles upon social topics, therefore, and in his criticism of books, he exposed and ridiculed it relentlessly; and the tone of sarcastic contempt often seemed to many readers to show a semi-cynicism, which those who personally knew him felt to be wholly foreign to his heart.

His wide range of literary information, his intellectual acuteness and candor, and the courage of saying precisely what he thought, made him one of the most admirable and valuable literary critics in the country. His judgments were not always accepted, especially by those whom he condemned, and there was a permanent protest in many minds against what was called the arrogance and intolerance of many of his decisions. But the tone of any journal is necessarily somewhat autocratic, and a man who is conscious of honest purpose and competent ability, and who aims not at pleasing and placating, but at telling the truth vigorously, will inevitably arouse sharp opposition. If, however, his critical opinions may have sometimes seemed unjust, the service of a man like Mr. DENNETT, whose motto as a writer for the press was emphatically *vera pro gratiis*, is immense, and worthy of the warmest recognition. The very disposition from which the censure sprang, the tendency to say nothing or to say only pleasant things, was the precise evil with which he warred. Criticism meant to him a serious duty to be honestly discharged, and how faithful he was to the end those who habitually read the paper for which he wrote best know and will always gratefully remember.

For a little while Mr. DENNETT added to his duties those of Assistant Professor of Rhetoric and English Literature in Harvard College. But his health admonished him that the double labor was too severe, and he thenceforth confined himself to his work upon the *Nation*. He "lived unknown," was never married, and leaves, we believe, few near kindred. But his example of modest fidelity, of careful and thorough training, of heroic disregard of every thing but the ideal standard, his confidence in the final power of disciplined intelligence over the force of mere numbers and the noise of shallow popularity, his brethren of the press may most profitably emulate, for they tend to make the national character which they help to mould more truthful, robust, and humane.

"REGULARITY."

THE juggle of "regularity" in party politics has been well exposed in two conspicuous instances during the last year. The theory is that in order to secure the effective organized action of the voluntary association called a party, the members must agree to accept the decision of the majority selected in the usual way. Last year, in the Republican Convention of Massachusetts, General BUTLER moved at the very opening of the proceedings that every member should agree to support the action of the Convention. The Rev. JAMES FREEMAN CLARKE, of Boston, who was a delegate, showed in a very few words the absurdity of such a proposition to honest and intelligent men, intent upon good government and not merely upon party success; but there were many who thought Mr. CLARKE impracticable and visionary. He knew, however, that a convention does not necessarily represent even the opinion of its own party. Indeed, when there are strong personal interests involved, the presumption is that it does not represent the party feeling, but only the power of management and intrigue, so that "regularity" becomes the whip by which schemers use voters against their own convictions and interests, and persuade them to vote, in Mr. JOHN COCHRANE's memorable words, for the devil himself if regularly nominated.

The first illustration of which we speak was found in Vermont, where Judge POLAND received the regular nomination, and yet in a thoroughly Republican district was disastrously defeated. He and his friends had worked zealously to secure the Convention, naturally supposing that that was the battle, and that "personal preferences would be nobly sacrificed," etc., etc. But the result showed plainly how totally a convention may misrepresent the feeling of the party, and "regularity" mean nothing more than a skillful manipulation of primary meetings. The other illustration is that of General BUTLER. The nominating Convention voted for him by a hundred votes to six, or some such overwhelming proportion. Nothing could surpass the "regularity" of the nomination. The party in the district had spoken authoritatively, and in the usual and recognized manner. Nothing was plainer than the duty of all good Republicans to support the regular ticket, which represented the real sentiment of the party, which was one of profound admiration of the "sturdy commoner," however a few high-flyers might protest. The election came, and lo! General B. was the highest flyer of all.

"Regularity" in the general's case meant only that a few managers had been through the "deestrick" and "put up" the candidates to the nominating Convention. The cry of "regularity" meant that the Convention spoke for the party. But the fact was that it spoke only for the candidate and his henchmen. The moral is that "regularity" is no guide whatever. A Republican might be willing to trust the judgment of his fellow-partisans in the county or district in regard to a man of whom he knew nothing. But "regularity" does not certify even that. Under our present system it may as utterly falsify the feeling of the party as General BUTLER's nominating Convention did. The voters in his district and in that of Judge POLAND have given the country a practical illustration of that fact, which it will be well to lay to heart. They have effectually dispelled the glamour of "regularity," and have shown that the total defeat of its unworthy regular candidates may be the truest service to a party.

The only sure way is to vote for no candidate who is not known to be worthy, either directly or by trusty representation; and if this principle should lead to the reduction of the number of elective candidates to a very few, so much the better for the country. The great multitude of elective offices is an immense advantage to dishonest politics. Let us have a few men only elected, and hold them to a strict responsibility for the subordinates whom they appoint, and we shall have a simpler, more manageable, more economical, more efficient, and infinitely purer government.

THE NEW YORK CONSTITUTIONAL AMENDMENTS.

WE are glad to note the triumphant adoption of the constitutional amendments in this State, to which, as explained in the admirable little pamphlet of Mr. PRINCE, we frequently called attention before the election. They have been all adopted by very large majorities. The amendment forbidding special legislation has a majority of more than 300,000 in a vote of somewhat more than 500,000, the exact figures, according to the report of the Council of Political Reform, being 414,345 in favor of the amendment, and 97,965 against it. The largest vote was on the amendment to the second article, which provides additional security against bribery at elections. The whole number in favor was 459,658, and against it 179,891. This was the amendment which Mr. JOHN KELLY tried to defeat in the city, which gave a majority against it of more than 2000. Mr. DORMAN B. EATON, chairman of the committee of the Council of Reform, which was charged with the care of the amendments, reports that it engaged the services of more than 10,000 citizens in the State, and distributed 20,000 documents, and he mentions that some 400 newspapers actively advocated the amendments. The result is in every way satisfactory, and must be peculiarly gratifying to the thirty-two eminent citizens of both parties who composed the Commission that prepared the amendments which have proved so signally acceptable to the people of the State.

THE ARKANSAS CASE.

JUDGE JAMESON has written a letter to the Chicago *Tribune* in which he says distinctly, "I think it established in the public law of the United States that it is always in the power of a Legislature to call a Convention whenever it may deem it necessary or expedient to do so with a view either to amend or remodel the Constitution." The only exception he allows is an express prohibition by the Constitution itself of the exercise of such a power. This is conclusive, so far as the great authority of Judge JAMESON is concerned, and will be very decisive as to the legitimacy of the action in Arkansas. Should this opinion be regarded as conclusive, the only question that remains in that State is that of the legality of BAXTER's action in making vacancies in the Legislature and changing the boards of registry.

This position of Judge JAMESON, however, is entirely different from that of those who assert that the people, being the source of power, may change the Constitution when and how they choose. This is the ground which Mr. HALLETT took in the Rhode Island case, and which Judge JAMESON describes as "absurd and ridiculous." His opinion is now evidently much more positive upon the point in question than it was when his work was published, for in that he describes the constitutional revision in Pennsylvania in 1790, in Delaware in 1792, and in Maryland in 1851, where the methods provided in the Constitutions were disregarded, as "wholly illegitimate." The question has been always surrounded with doubt, and Judge JAMESON has now done very much to settle it finally.

PERSONAL.

LET Mr. THOMAS CARLYLE no longer arrogate to himself the honor of being the most original of phrasists, *i. e.*, a maker of pithy sentences of the kind described in the *Biglow Papers*,

> "Suthin combinin' moril truth
> With phrases such as strikes."

A new claimant has appeared in the person of Mr. HOLME, Mayor elect of Derby, England, who in a recent speech stated that his maxim through life had been "a maximum of deeds for a minimum of words."

—The Queen of England, it is said, has expressed great dissatisfaction at the publication of the *Greville Memoirs*, in which various sayings and doings of her ancestors are jotted down with a certain frank indifference as to whose corns are stepped upon, and with a provoking clearness and sauciness of style. The consequence has been a call for new editions. One of the curious statements of the work is that MACAULAY told the author he had read RICHARDSON's *Sir Charles Grandison* through fifteen times.

—Mr. CHARLES NORDHOFF's *Politics for Young Americans*, just published by HARPER & BROTHERS, is having a large sale. It is worth the price of the book to be told in the pithy way that it tells us the exact state of the "greenback" question: "The government issues promises to pay *on the plea that it has no money, and makes them a legal tender because they are not good.*" Mr. NORDHOFF also says, "It was noticed once by an eminent English writer that almost all modern reforms in Europe have been made not by enacting new laws, but by repealing a great mass of old ones."

—Mr. HENRY WATTERSON, of the Louisville *Courier-Journal*, under the thin pretense that it was told by "a Western paper," says that a female book agent at La Crosse knocked a lawyer down with a twenty-two dollar Bible, and then knocked his teeth out with a six-dollar hymn-book. Its comment on this extra-judicial movement of the lady is, "Arm that woman with an ordinary library of costly religious books and she would whip her weight in wild-cats."

—Senator CARL SCHURZ, who of late has been addressing the public from the lecture-room, expresses the opinion that one of the great obstacles in the way of educational progress is the inadequate pay which teachers receive, not only in America, but in all other countries. He condemned the practice of compelling scholars to get their lessons by rote, and called attention to the importance of home influence in the education of girls.

—We are glad to see that the rumors of the sale of the Philadelphia *Press* which have been floating about for some time past have been set at rest by an authoritative contradiction. The paper will remain in the sole proprietorship of Colonel JOHN W. FORNEY, under whose able management it has attained its present high position of popularity and influence, and no changes in its editorial department are in contemplation.

—On Saturday evening, the 28th ult., the Century Club gave a reception to the Right Hon. WILLIAM E. FORSTER, Sir FOWELL BUXTON, and Professor BONAMY PRICE, to whom the president, Mr. WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT, in one of those felicitous little speeches which he always makes when occasion requires, said: "We welcome you, gentlemen, to that country which you so nobly defended when the governing class of Great Britain threw the weight of their influence on the side of the enemies of our Union, and when it seemed that the genius of the Old World, as represented by its governments, frowned upon those who were striving to save our republic from dismemberment. Its frowns dismayed us not, nor you either, but it is only just to say that we were encouraged by your sympathy. We welcome you to a country and people who will long remember you as their friends. While I am speaking new hearth fires are lighted in places which yesterday were a solitude, and the story of our great struggle and your sympathy is carried every day further and further into the waste places of our continent. We welcome you to a country which your father, Mr. FORSTER, and your ancestor, Sir FOWELL, had they lived to this day, would have rejoiced with an exceeding joy to see delivered from the blight and shame of slavery."

—Lady FRANKLIN renews her offer of $10,000 for the recovery of any official records of Sir JOHN FRANKLIN's expedition, moved thereto by the fact that the British government is fitting out another arctic expedition.

—From the *Evening Post's* entertaining series of articles, "Among the Book-Makers," we quote the following "personal" of one of the most enterprising, brightest, sweetest, and best of the Boston fraternity—Mr. JAMES R. OSGOOD: "It is related of the head of the firm (J. R. O.) that when he left the Bowdoin class-rooms his father persisted that he must become a lawyer. He accordingly studied Blackstone in Portland for a few weeks, but built air-castles in quite another direction. He had heard of TICKNOR & FIELDS, and wanted to be a publisher. One day he appeared to them and introduced himself. He was employed, and before many months he became indispensable to their business. Sitting now in his comfortable office, surrounded by his clever and genial partners, by living authors who are almost peerless, by the portraits of those whose memory is dear to the world, and by beautiful editions of beautiful works, he may congratulate himself upon an unusually happy fruition of a boy's dream."

—There are few people in England or America—certainly no travelers—who have not heard of the Cunard Company. They have become, as the ocean has become, one of the stock traditions of the time. But the name "CUNARD" is one of those things we talk of vaguely and gravely, as we do of the "Constitution" or the "Principles of '98." BRANDRETH, apropos of his pill, used to advertise: "What is the constitution? The constitution is that which constitutes." So the Cunard Company is something that has been handed down in connection with the original CUNARD. The present man of the Cunard Company, according to that great and good man, EDMUND YATES, is Mr. JOHN BURNS, of whom he says: "Perhaps there is no town where the elements of society are so antagonistic as in Glasgow; and any man who fills such a large corner of the public eye as Mr. JOHN BURNS must be from morning to night a subject for that searching Scotch criticism which pierces through and through a dullard or a hypocrite. Mr. BURNS is, in fact, the Cunard Company; or, to speak more precisely, is partner in and principal manager of the most important shipping firm in the world. Mr. MACIVER, indeed, represents the Cunard Company at Liverpool, and is therefore better known by hasty travelers than Mr. BURNS. But people who are best acquainted with the company's affairs affirm that the admirable organization which has made their vessels the safest means of communication across the Atlantic, and which has hitherto preserved them, during an unexampled career of prosperity, from all perils of sea and shore, is the work of Mr. JOHN BURNS."

—It is reported in diplomatic circles that Count von Beust is quite likely to be called from his post as Austro-Hungarian minister to London to be reinstated as Premier of the Austrian cabinet. Count von Beust is now sixty-five years of age, and has been continuously in public life since 1832. During most of this period he has been employed in positions requiring the highest ability and discretion, and has enjoyed in an unusual degree the confidence of his government.

—Since Mr. CHESTER W. CHAPIN was elected to Congress, divers and sundry anecdotes of and incidents in his early career have found their way into type, one of which is as follows: When he was a school-boy at Westfield he received a silver quarter for holding Major MORGAN's horses, the major then following the elevated calling of stage-driver. It is said that Mr. CHAPIN has kept that quarter ever since, and that a few days ago he figured up the interest, which, when compounded, amounted to more than $100, and with this amount bought Mrs. MORGAN a coupé.

—An industrious rummager among old records at Bordentown, New Jersey, has found an old tax warrant which sets forth that JOSEPH BONAPARTE was taxed in 1821 $160 for 1600 acres of land in that town. NATHAN SATTERTHWAITE, who was then assessor, is still alive, and in alluding to it said, "I stuck it on a little, as 'Bony' was rich and could stand it."

—Mr. CHARLES NORDHOFF, for many years Mr. BRYANT's able and trusted lieutenant in the management of the *Evening Post*, goes to the national capital this winter as chief of the *Herald's* Washington Bureau. A better selection for a position so responsible, and involving so many difficult and delicate relations, could not have been made. Mr. NORDHOFF's intimate knowledge of public men and affairs, his sound judgment, clear perceptions, and vigorous grasp of political questions, combined with exceptional force and readiness as a writer, are just the qualities that fit a man to fill such a station with honor. His high personal character will tend to greatly elevate the general tone of Washington correspondence, which has too often been degraded by the scandal-mongering of irresponsible men, and the frivolous tittle-tattle of prying interviewers. Mr. NORDHOFF is well known to the general public as the author of two admirable works on the Pacific coast, embracing California, Oregon, and the Sandwich Islands. His latest book, *Politics for Young Americans*, has already received the stamp of popular approval. In connection with this, it will interest the reading public to know that his work on *The Communistic Societies of the United States* will soon be published simultaneously by the HARPERS in New York and by JOHN MURRAY in London. The *Herald* is to be congratulated on having been able to secure Mr. NORDHOFF's services.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

WILLIAM M. TWEED was brought to this city from the Penitentiary, December 2, on a writ of *habeas corpus*, for review of his sentence, on the grounds, first, that the court which imposed it had no jurisdiction, and second, that an illegal sentence had been imposed, and that the legal term of imprisonment on the conviction, namely, one year, had expired. The writ of *habeas corpus* was quashed by Judge Barrett, and Mr. Tweed was remanded to Blackwell's Island.

A railroad disaster occurred on the 2d inst. near Plymouth, New Hampshire, by which one man was killed and several persons seriously injured.

The public debt statement for November shows a decrease during the month of $123,427 68. The coin balance is $83,043,762 24; currency, $16,699,311 48; coin certificates, $23,045,400; certificates of deposit, $47,120,000.

The nineteenth triennial conclave of the Grand Encampment of Knights Templars of the United States began in New Orleans on the 1st inst. The proceedings opened by a large and brilliant procession escorting the officers of the Grand Encampment from their quarters at the St. Charles Hotel through the principal streets to the Masonic Hall, where an eloquent address of welcome was delivered by M. W. Michael E. Girard, Grand Master of Masons in Louisiana, and a fitting response on behalf of the Grand Encampment by V. E. Sir James H. Hopkins, its Deputy Grand Commander.

FOREIGN NEWS.

IN the course of a debate on the Alsace and Lorraine Loan Bill in the German Parliament, November 30, Prince Bismarck said: "In a well-fought war in which we defended our existence, we conquered those provinces for the empire. It was not for Alsace and Lorraine our soldiers shed their blood. We take our stand upon imperial interests, for which, and not for the sake of their own ecclesiastical interests, we annexed those provinces. We have other grounds for action than those people, whose past leads to Paris and whose present leads to Rome. My own views respecting the creation of an Alsace and Lorraine Parliament, which at first were too sanguine, have been modified since I became acquainted with the attitude of the Deputies from those provinces. Such a Parliament would lead to continual agitation, and perhaps might endanger the peace of the empire. We shall doubtless be obliged to take still more rigorous steps in regard to school matters there. We can not permit the existence of elements which strive to hinder education. My action is guided by imperial interests. I shall not be frightened from my course by reproaches, threats, or persuasion. Before advance is possible we must be convinced of the existence of trustworthy elements. We may expect a better discernment in the rising generation, and must therefore see that good schools are provided for Alsace and Lorraine." The next day a letter was read from Prince Bismarck announcing that the sum for the maintenance of the German legation at the Vatican had been stricken from the budget.

The steamer *La Plata*, from Gravesend for Rio Grande do Sul, foundered at sea November 29. Sixty persons, including the captain, were drowned.

Great Britain has annexed Griqua Land, on the South African coast, thus completing the territorial connection between [illegible] and Natal.

President M'Mahon presented his message to the French Assembly on the 3d inst. He strongly insisted on the necessity of definite legislation with regard to the constitutional powers, and concluded as follows: "Incessantly agitated by a propaganda of the most pernicious doctrines, the country asks you to guarantee by measures of wise foresight the regular action of the public powers during the period of stability which you promised France. You will shortly examine these grave questions, and an understanding, I hope, will be arrived at. I shall not decline any share of the responsibility, nor will the intervention of my government be wanting. I wish to state how I understand my duties toward the Assembly and the country. I did not accept power to serve the aspirations of any party. I only pursue the work of social defense and national restoration. It is my ardent desire to have the support of men of good-will—those whose personal preferences bow before the present necessities of the sacred cause of country. I claim their support in the name of France, whose welfare and greatness I have alone in view. Nothing will discourage me in the accomplishment of the task. It is my duty not to desert the post in which you have placed me—to occupy it up to the last day with unshaken firmness and scrupulous respect for law."

The Argentine rebellion is ended. General Mitre, the leader of the insurgents, has surrendered, with all his forces, on condition of amnesty being granted.

THE CHESS-PLAYERS.

THE game of chess is probably the oldest, as it is undoubtedly the most scientific, of all sedentary amusements. It is supposed to have originated about 5000 years ago somewhere in India. Even in the ancient Indian game, which was played as late as the sixth century of the present era, the moves of the men were almost the same as they are in the modernized game; but there were always four players, and the combatants determined which piece to move by the throw of a die. Between the sixth and the sixteenth centuries the game underwent some important modifications. It was reduced to a contest between two persons, the element of chance was discarded, and the play became more a trial of skill and calculation. By this time a knowledge of the game had extended eastward into China and Japan, where it underwent further modifications, and westward through Persia and Byzantium into Europe. During the Middle Ages it was the favorite in-door pastime of the cloister and the court. The mediæval monks were famous for their playing. The modern game dates from the beginning of the sixteenth century. The modifications consist chiefly in changes in the fundamental laws of the game, such as an increase in the powers of the queen and bishop and the introduction of castling.

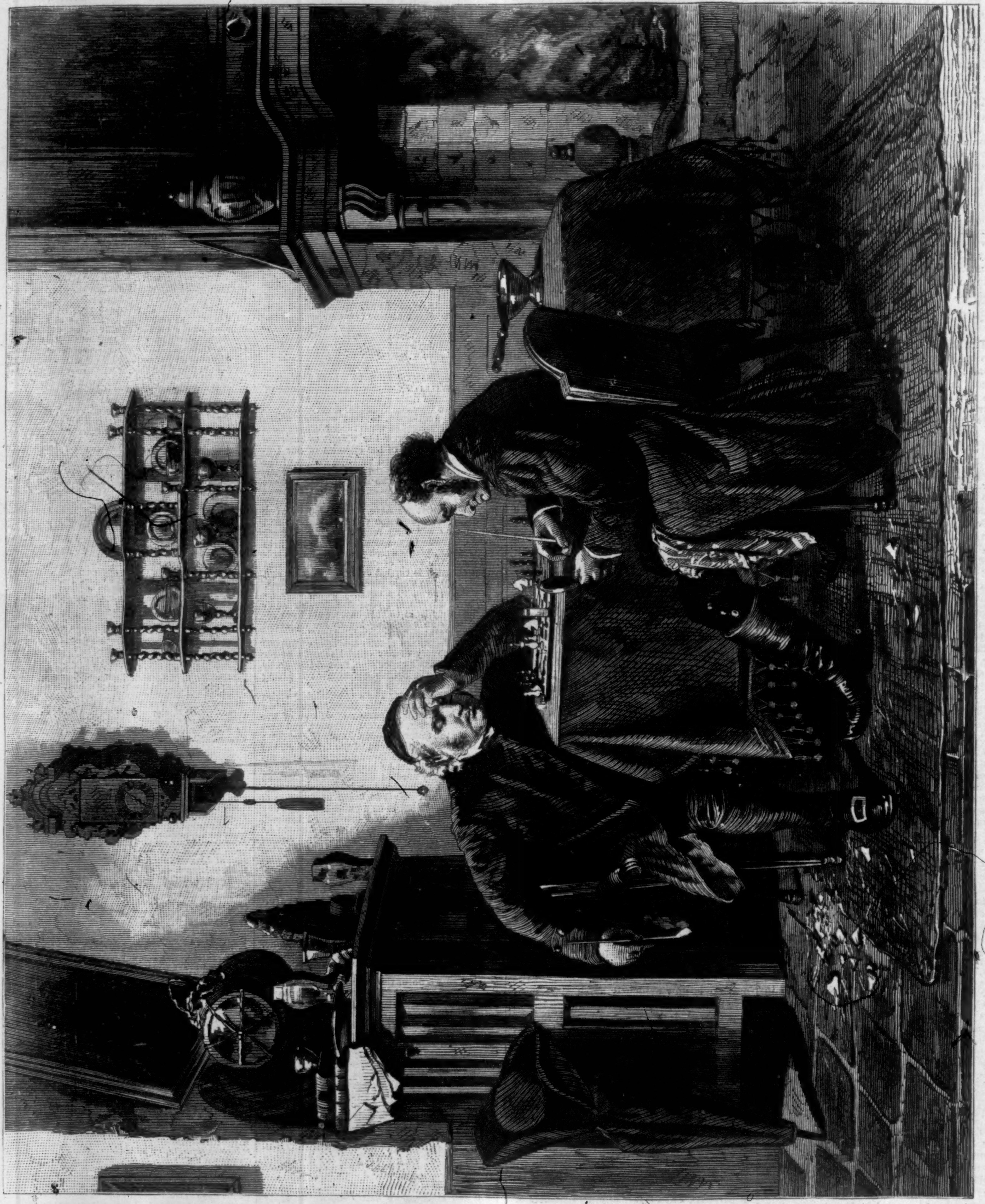
The game of chess has been generally practiced by the greatest warriors and generals; and some have even supposed that it was necessary for a military man to be well skilled in this game. We read that TAMERLANE was a great chess-player, and was engaged in a game during the very time of the decisive battle with BAJAZET, the Turkish Emperor, who was defeated and taken prisoner. It is also related of AL AMIN, the Caliph of Bagdad, that he was engaged at chess with his freedman KUTHAR at the time when AL MAMUN's forces were carrying on the siege of that city with so much vigor that it was in danger of being taken by assault. When warned of his danger, the Caliph is said to have cried out, "Let me alone! I see checkmate against KUTHAR!"

JOHN FREDERIC, Elector of Saxony, having been taken prisoner by CHARLES V., was condemned to death. The decree was intimated to him while he was playing chess with a fellow-prisoner. After a short pause he quietly proceeded with the game, played with his usual coolness and skill, and beat his antagonist.

In the chronicles of the Moorish kings of Granada it is related that in 1396 MEHEMED BALBA seized upon the crown in prejudice of his elder brother, and passed his life in one continual round of disasters. His wars with Castile were invariably unsuccessful, and his death was occasioned by a poisoned vest. Finding his case desperate, he sent an officer to the fort of Salabreno with orders to put his brother JUZUF to death, lest that prince's adherents should conspire against the succession of his own son. The alcade found JUZUF playing chess with a priest. The prince begged for two hours' respite, which was denied him. At last, with great reluctance, the alcade permitted him to finish the game; but before it was concluded a messenger arrived with the news of the death of MEHEMED and the election of JUZUF to the crown.

We have a curious anecdote of FERRAND, Count of Flanders, who was constantly beaten by his wife at chess. At length a mutual hatred arose between them on this account, which came to such a height that when the count was taken prisoner at the battle of Bovines she suffered him to remain a long time in captivity, though she could easily have procured his release.

In its singular combination of mere amusement and severe mental application, and in the fascination it has ever exercised over its votaries, chess stands alone among games. It enjoys the distinction of being the only game the use of which has been sanctioned by the priesthood of all beliefs—Protestant, Catholic, Moslem, and Buddhist.



THE CHESS-PLAYERS.

[This Story was commenced in Harper's Weekly dated October 10, 1874.]

THE LAW AND THE LADY:

A Novel.

By WILKIE COLLINS,

Author of "The Woman in White," "Armadale," "Man and Wife," "The Moonstone," etc.

Part II.—Paradise Regained.

CHAPTER XX.

THE END OF THE TRIAL.

The calling of the new witness provoked a burst of laughter among the audience—due partly, no doubt, to the strange name by which he had been summoned; partly, also, to the instinctive desire of all crowded assemblies, when their interest is painfully excited, to seize on any relief in the shape of the first subject of merriment which may present itself. A severe rebuke from the Bench restored order among the audience. The Lord Justice Clerk declared that he would "clear the Court" if the interruption to the proceedings was renewed.

During the silence which followed this announcement the new witness appeared.

Gliding, self-propelled in his chair on wheels, through the opening made for him among the crowd, a strange and startling creature—literally the half of a man—revealed himself to the general view. A coverlet which had been thrown over his chair had fallen off during his progress through the throng. The loss of it exposed to the public curiosity the head, the arms, and the trunk of a living human being: absolutely deprived of the lower limbs. To make this deformity all the more striking and all the more terrible, the victim of it was—as to his face and his body—an unusually handsome and an unusually well-made man. His long silky hair, of a bright and beautiful chestnut-color, fell over shoulders that were the perfection of strength and grace. His face was bright with vivacity and intelligence. His large clear blue eyes and his long delicate white hands were like the eyes and hands of a beautiful woman. He would have looked effeminate but for the manly proportions of his throat and chest, aided in their effect by his flowing beard and long mustache, of a lighter chestnut shade than the color of his hair. Never had a magnificent head and body been more hopelessly ill-bestowed than in this instance! Never had Nature committed a more careless or a more cruel mistake than in the making of this man!

He was sworn, seated, of course, in his chair. Having given his name, he bowed to the Judges, and requested their permission to preface his evidence with a word of explanation.

"People generally laugh when they first hear my strange Christian name," he said, in a low, clear, resonant voice which penetrated to the remotest corners of the Court. "I may inform the good people here that many names, still common among us, have their significations, and that mine is one of them. 'Alexander,' for instance, means, in the Greek, 'a helper of men.' 'David' means, in Hebrew, 'well-beloved.' 'Francis' means, in German, 'free.' My name, 'Miserrimus,' means, in Latin, 'most unhappy.' It was given to me by my father, in allusion to the deformity which you all see—the deformity with which it was my misfortune to be born. You won't laugh at 'Miserrimus' again, will you?" He turned to the Dean of Faculty, waiting to examine him for the defense. "Mr. Dean, I am at your service. I apologize for delaying, even for a moment, the proceedings of the Court." He delivered his little address with perfect grace and good humor. Examined by the Dean, he gave his evidence clearly, without the slightest appearance of hesitation or reserve.

"I was staying at Gleninch as a guest in the house at the time of Mrs. Eustace Macallan's death," he began. "Doctor Jerome and Mr. Gale desired to see me at a private interview—the prisoner being then in a state of prostration which made it impossible for him to attend to his duties as master of the house. At this interview the two doctors astonished and horrified me by declaring that Mrs. Eustace Macallan had died poisoned. They left it to me to communicate the dreadful news to her husband, and they warned me that a post-mortem examination must be held on the body.

"If the Fiscal had seen my old friend when I communicated the doctors' message, I doubt if he would have ventured to charge the prisoner with the murder of his wife. To my mind the charge was nothing less than an outrage. I resisted the seizure of the prisoner's Diary and letters, animated by that feeling. Now that the Diary has been produced, I agree with the prisoner's mother in denying that it is fair evidence to bring against him. A Diary (when it extends beyond a bare record of facts and dates) is nothing but an expression of the poorest and weakest side in the character of the person who keeps it. It is, in nine cases out of ten, the more or less contemptible outpouring of vanity and conceit which the writer dare not exhibit to any mortal but himself. I am the prisoner's oldest friend. I solemnly declare that I never knew he could write downright nonsense until I heard his Diary read in this Court!

"*He* kill his wife! *He* treat his wife with neglect and cruelty! I venture to say, from twenty years' experience of him, that there is no man in this assembly who is constitutionally more incapable of crime and more incapable of cruelty than the man who stands at that Bar. While I am about it I go farther still. I even doubt whether a man capable of crime and capable of cruelty could have found it in his heart to do evil to the woman whose untimely death is the subject of this inquiry.

"I have heard what the ignorant and prejudiced nurse, Christina Ormsay, has said of the deceased lady. From my own personal observation, I contradict every word of it. Mrs. Eustace Macallan—granting her personal defects—was nevertheless one of the most charming women I ever met with. She was highly bred, in the best sense of the word. I never saw in any other person so sweet a smile as hers, or such grace and beauty of movement as hers. If you liked music, she sang beautifully; and few professed musicians had such a touch on the piano as hers. If you preferred talking, I never yet met with the man (or even the woman, which is saying a great deal more) whom her conversation could not charm. To say that such a wife as this could be first cruelly neglected, and then barbarously murdered, by the man—no! by the martyr—who stands there, is to tell me that the sun never shines at noonday, or that the heaven is not above the earth.

"Oh yes! I know that the letters of her friends show that she wrote to them in bitter complaint of her husband's conduct to her. But remember what one of those friends (the wisest and the best of them) says in reply. 'I own to thinking,' she writes, 'that your sensitive nature exaggerates or misinterprets the neglect that you experience at the hands of your husband.' There, in that one sentence, is the whole truth! Mrs. Eustace Macallan's nature was the imaginative, self-tormenting nature of a poet. No mortal love could ever have been refined enough for *her*. Trifles which women of a coarser moral fibre would have passed over without notice were causes of downright agony to that exquisitely sensitive temperament. There are persons born to be unhappy. That poor lady was one of them. When I have said this, I have said all. No! There is one word more still to be added.

"It may be as well to remind the prosecution that Mrs. Eustace Macallan's death was in the pecuniary sense a serious loss to her husband. He had insisted on having the whole of her fortune settled on herself, and on her relatives after her, when he married. Her income from that fortune helped to keep in splendor the house and grounds at Gleninch. The prisoner's own resources (aided even by his mother's jointure) were quite inadequate fitly to defray the expenses of living at his splendid country-seat. Knowing all the circumstances, I can positively assert that the wife's death has deprived the husband of two-thirds of his income. And the prosecution, viewing him as the basest and cruelest of men, declares that he deliberately killed her—with all his pecuniary interests pointing to the preservation of her life!

"It is useless to ask me whether I noticed any thing in the conduct of the prisoner and Mrs. Beauly which might justify a wife's jealousy. I never observed Mrs. Beauly with any attention, and I never encouraged the prisoner in talking to me about her. He was a general admirer of pretty women—so far as I know, in a perfectly innocent way. That he could prefer Mrs. Beauly to his wife is inconceivable to me, unless he was out of his senses. I never had any reason to believe that he was out of his senses.

"As to the question of the arsenic—I mean the question of tracing that poison to the possession of Mrs. Eustace Macallan—I am able to give evidence which may, perhaps, be worthy of the attention of the Court.

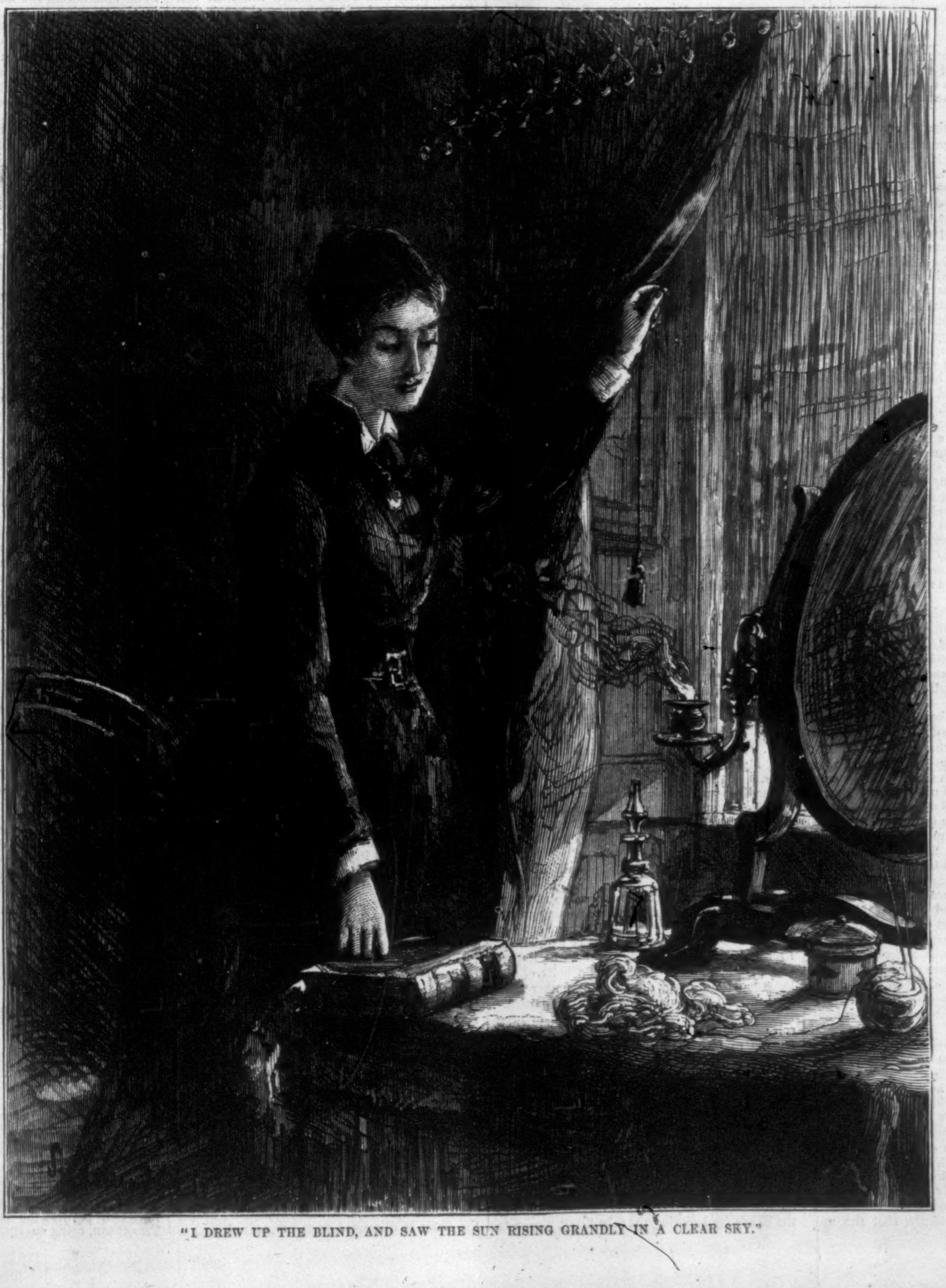
"I was present in the Fiscal's office during the examination of the papers, and of the other objects discovered at Gleninch. The dressing-case belonging to the deceased lady was shown to me after its contents had been officially investigated by the Fiscal himself. I happen to have a very sensitive sense of touch. In handling the lid of the dressing-case, on the inner side I felt something at a certain place which induced me to examine the whole structure of the lid very carefully. The result was the discovery of a private repository concealed in the space between the outer wood and the lining. In that repository I found the bottle which I now produce."

The further examination of the witness was suspended while the hidden bottle was compared with the bottles properly belonging to the dressing-case.

These last were of the finest cut glass, and of a very elegant form—entirely unlike the bottle found in the private repository, which was of the commonest manufacture, and of the shape ordinarily in use among chemists. Not a drop of liquid, not the smallest atom of any solid substance, remained in it. No smell exhaled from it—and, more unfortunately still for the interests of the defense, no label was found attached to the bottle when it had been discovered.

The chemist who had sold the second supply of arsenic to the prisoner was recalled, and examined. He declared that the bottle was exactly like the bottle in which he had placed the arsenic. It was, however, equally like hundreds of other bottles in his shop. In the absence of the label (on which he had himself written the word "Poison"), it was impossible for him to identify the bottle. The dressing-case and the deceased lady's bedroom had been vainly searched for the chemist's missing label—on the chance that it might have become accidentally detached from the mysterious empty bottle. In both instances the search had been without result. Morally, it was a fair conclusion that this might be really the bottle which had contained the poison. Legally, there was not the slightest proof of it.

Thus ended the last effort of the defense to trace the arsenic purchased by the prisoner to the possession of his wife. The book rela-



"I DREW UP THE BLIND, AND SAW THE SUN RISING GRANDLY IN A CLEAR SKY."

ing the practices of the Styrian peasantry (found in the deceased lady's room) had been produced. But could the book prove that she had asked her husband to buy arsenic for her? The crumpled paper, with the grains of powder left in it, had been identified by the chemist, and had been declared to contain grains of arsenic. But where was the proof that Mrs. Eustace Macallan's hand had placed the packet in the cabinet, and had emptied it of its contents? No direct evidence any where! Nothing but conjecture!

The renewed examination of Miserrimus Dexter touched on matters of no general interest. The cross-examination resolved itself, in substance, into a mental trial of strength between the witness and the Lord Advocate; the struggle terminating (according to the general opinion) in favor of the witness. One question and one answer only I will repeat here. They appeared to me to be of serious importance to the object that I had in view in reading the Trial.

"I believe, Mr. Dexter," the Lord Advocate remarked, in his most ironical manner, "that you have a theory of your own, which makes the death of Mrs. Eustace Macallan no mystery to *you?*"

"I may have my own ideas on that subject, as on other subjects," the witness replied. "But let me ask their lordships, the Judges: Am I here to declare theories or to state facts?"

I made a note of that answer. Mr. Dexter's "ideas" were the ideas of a true friend to my husband, and of a man of far more than average ability. They might be of inestimable value to me, in the coming time—if I could prevail on him to communicate them.

I may mention, while I am writing on the subject, that I added to this first note a second, containing an observation of my own. In alluding to Mrs. Beauly, while he was giving his evidence, Mr. Dexter had spoken of her so slightingly—so rudely, I might almost say—as to suggest that he had some strong private reasons for disliking (perhaps for distrusting) this lady. Here, again, it might be of vital importance to me to see Mr. Dexter, and to clear up, if I could, what the dignity of the Court had passed over without notice.

The last witness had been now examined. The chair on wheels glided away with the half-man in it, and was lost in a distant corner of the Court. The Lord Advocate rose to address the Jury for the prosecution.

I do not scruple to say that I never read any thing so infamous as this great lawyer's speech. He was not ashamed to declare, at starting, that he firmly believed the prisoner to be guilty. What right had he to say any thing of the sort? Was it for *him* to decide? Was he the Judge and Jury both, I should like to know? Having begun by condemning the prisoner on his own authority, the Lord Advocate proceeded to pervert the most innocent actions of that unhappy man so as to give them as vile an aspect as possible. Thus: When Eustace kissed his poor wife's forehead, on her death-bed, he did it to create a favorable impression in the minds of the doctor and the nurse! Again, when his grief under his bereavement completely overwhelmed him, he was triumphing in secret, and acting a part! If you looked into his heart, you would see there a diabolical hatred for his wife and an infatuated passion for Mrs. Beauly! In every thing he had said he had lied; in every thing he had done he had acted like a crafty and heartless wretch! So the chief counsel for the prosecution spoke of the prisoner, standing helpless before him at the Bar. In my husband's place, if I could have done nothing more, I would have thrown something at his head. As it was, I tore the pages which contained the speech for the prosecution out of the Report, and trampled them under my feet—and felt all the better too for having done it. At the same time I feel a little ashamed of having revenged myself on the harmless printed leaves, now.

The fifth day of the Trial opened with the speech for the defense. Ah, what a contrast to the infamies uttered by the Lord Advocate was the grand burst of eloquence by the Dean of Faculty, speaking on my husband's side!

This illustrious lawyer struck the right note at starting.

"I yield to no one," he began, "in the pity I feel for the wife. But I say, the martyr in this case, from first to last, is the husband. Whatever the poor woman may have endured, that unhappy man at the Bar has suffered, and is now suffering, more. If he had not been the kindest of men, the most docile and most devoted of husbands, he would never have occupied his present dreadful situation. A man of a meaner and harder nature would have felt suspicion of his wife's motives when she asked him to buy poison—would have seen through the wretchedly commonplace excuses she made for wanting it—and would have wisely and cruelly said, 'No.' The prisoner is not that sort of man. He is too good to his wife, too innocent of any evil thought toward her, or toward any one, to foresee the inconveniences and the dangers to which his fatal compliance may expose him. And what is the result? He stands there, branded as a murderer, because he was too high-minded and too honorable to suspect his wife."

Speaking thus of the husband, the Dean was just as eloquent and just as unanswerable when he came to speak of the wife.

"The Lord Advocate," he said, "has asked, with the bitter irony for which he is celebrated at the Scottish Bar, why we have failed entirely to prove that the prisoner placed the two packets of poison in the possession of his wife. I say, in answer, we have proved, first, that the wife was passionately attached to the husband; secondly, that she felt bitterly the defects in her personal appearance, and especially the defects in her complexion; and thirdly, that she was informed of arsenic as a supposed remedy for those defects, taken internally. To men who know any thing of human nature, there is proof enough. Does my learned friend actually suppose that women are in the habit of mentioning the secret artifices and applications by which they improve their personal appearance? Is it in his experience of the sex that a woman who is eagerly bent on making herself attractive to a man would tell that man, or tell any body else who might communicate with him, that the charm by which she hoped to win his heart—say the charm of a pretty complexion—had been artificially acquired by the perilous use of a deadly poison? The bare idea of such a thing is absurd. Of course nobody ever heard Mrs. Eustace Macallan speak of arsenic. Of course nobody ever surprised her in the act of taking arsenic. It is in the evidence that she would not even confide her intention to try the poison to the friends who had told her of it as a remedy, and who had got her the book. She actually begged them to consider their brief conversation on the subject as strictly private. From first to last, poor creature, she kept her secret; just as she would have kept her secret if she had worn false hair, or if she had been indebted to the dentist for her teeth. And there you see her husband, in peril of his life, because a woman acted *like* a woman—as your wives, gentlemen of the Jury, would, in a similar position, act toward You."

After such glorious oratory as this (I wish I had room to quote more of it!) the next, and last, speech delivered at the Trial—that is to say, the Charge of the Judge to the Jury—is dreary reading indeed.

His lordship first told the Jury that they could not expect to have direct evidence of the poisoning. Such evidence hardly ever occurred in cases of poisoning. They must be satisfied with the best circumstantial evidence. All quite true, I dare say. But, having told the Jury they might accept circumstantial evidence, he turned back again on his own words, and warned them against being too ready to trust it! "You must have evidence satisfactory and convincing to your own minds," he said, "in which you find no conjectures—but only irresistible and just inferences." Who is to decide what is a just inference? And what is circumstantial evidence *but* conjecture?

After this specimen, I need give no further extracts from the summing up. The Jury, thoroughly bewildered no doubt, took refuge in a compromise. They occupied an hour in considering and debating among themselves, in their own room. (A jury of women would not have taken a minute!) Then they returned into Court, and gave their timid and trimming Scotch Verdict in these words:—

"Not Proven."

Some slight applause followed among the audience, which was instantly checked. The prisoner was dismissed from the Bar. He slowly retired, like a man in deep grief; his head sunk on his breast—not looking at any one, and not replying when his friends spoke to him. He knew, poor fellow, the slur that the Verdict left on him. "We don't say you are innocent of the crime charged against you; we only say, there is not evidence enough to convict you." In that lame and impotent conclusion the proceedings ended, at the time. And there they would have remained for all time—but for Me.

CHAPTER XXI.

I SEE MY WAY.

IN the gray light of the new morning I closed the Report of my husband's Trial for the Murder of his first Wife.

No sense of fatigue overpowered me. I had no wish, after my long hours of reading and thinking, to lie down and sleep. It was strange, but it was so. I felt as if I *had* slept, and had now just awakened—a new woman, with a new mind.

I could now at last understand Eustace's desertion of me. To a man of his refinement it would have been a martyrdom to meet his wife after she had read the things published of him to all the world in the Report. I felt that, as he would have felt it. At the same time I thought he might have trusted Me to make amends to him for the martyrdom, and might have come back. Perhaps it might yet end in his coming back. In the mean while, and in that expectation, I pitied and forgave him with my whole heart.

One little matter only dwelt on my mind disagreeably, in spite of my philosophy. Did Eustace still secretly love Mrs. Beauly? or had I extinguished that passion in him? To what order of beauty did this lady belong? Were we, by any chance, the least in the world like one another?

The window of my room looked to the east. I drew up the blind, and saw the sun rising grandly in a clear sky. The temptation to go out and breathe the fresh morning air was irresistible. I put on my hat and shawl, and took the Report of the Trial under my arm. The bolts of the back-door were easily drawn. In another minute I was out in Benjamin's pretty little garden.

Composed and strengthened by the inviting solitude and the delicious air, I found courage enough to face the serious question that now confronted me—the question of the future.

I had read the Trial. I had vowed to devote my life to the sacred object of vindicating my husband's innocence. A solitary defenseless woman, I stood pledged to myself to carry that desperate resolution through to an end. How was I to begin?

The bold way of beginning was surely the wise way in such a position as mine. I had good reasons (founded, as I have already mentioned, on the important part played by this witness at the Trial) for believing that the fittest person to advise and assist me was—Miserrimus Dexter. He might disappoint the expectations that I had fixed on him, or he might refuse to help me, or (like my uncle Starkweather) he might think I had taken leave of my senses. All these events were possible. Nevertheless, I held to my resolution to try the experiment. If he was in the land of the living, I decided that my first step at starting should take me to the deformed man with the strange name.

Supposing he received me, sympathized with me, understood me? What would he say? The nurse, in her evidence, had reported him as speaking in an off-hand manner. He would say, in all probability, "What do you mean to do? And how can I help you to do it?"

Had I answers ready if those two plain questions were put to me? Yes! if I dared own to any human creature what was at that very moment secretly fermenting in my mind. Yes! if I could confide to a stranger a suspicion roused in me by the Trial which I have been thus far afraid to mention even in these pages!

It must, nevertheless, be mentioned now. My suspicion led to results which are part of my story and part of my life.

Let me own, then, to begin with, that I closed the record of the Trial actually agreeing in one important particular with the opinion of my enemy and my husband's enemy—the Lord Advocate! He had characterized the explanation of Mrs. Eustace Macallan's death offered by the defense as a "clumsy subterfuge, in which no reasonable being could discern the smallest fragment of probability." Without going quite so far as this, I, too, could see no reason whatever in the evidence for assuming that the poor woman had taken an overdose of the poison by mistake. I believed that she had the arsenic secretly in her possession, and that she had tried, or intended to try, the use of it internally, for the purpose of improving her complexion. But farther than this I could not advance. The more I thought of it, the more plainly justified the lawyers for the prosecution seemed to me to be in declaring that Mrs. Eustace Macallan had died by the hand of a poisoner—although they were entirely and certainly mistaken in charging my husband with the crime.

My husband being innocent, somebody else, on my own showing, must be guilty. Who among the persons inhabiting the house at the time had poisoned Mrs. Eustace Macallan? My suspicion in answering that question pointed straight to a woman. And the name of that woman was—Mrs. Beauly!

Yes! To that startling conclusion I had arrived. It was, to my mind, the inevitable result of reading the evidence.

Look back for a moment to the letter produced in court, signed "Helena," and addressed to Mr. Macallan. No reasonable person can doubt (though the Judges excused her from answering the question) that Mrs. Beauly was the writer. Very well. The letter offers, as I think, trustworthy evidence to show the state of the woman's mind when she paid her visit to Gleninch.

Writing to Mr. Macallan, at a time when she was married to another man—a man to whom she had engaged herself before she met with Mr. Macallan—what does she say? She says, "When I think of your life sacrificed to that wretched woman, my heart bleeds for you." And, again, she says, "If it had been my unutterable happiness to love and cherish the best, the dearest of men, what a paradise of our own we might have lived in, what delicious hours we might have known!"

If this is not the language of a woman shamelessly and furiously in love with a man—not her husband—what is? She is so full of him that even her idea of another world (see the letter) is the idea of "embracing" Mr. Macallan's "soul." In this condition of mind and morals, the lady one day finds herself and her embraces free, through the death of her husband. As soon as she can decently visit she goes visiting; and in due course of time she becomes the guest of the man whom she adores. His wife is ill in her bed. The one other visitor at Gleninch is a cripple, who can only move in his chair on wheels. The lady has the house and the one beloved object in it all to herself. No obstacle stands between her and "the unutterable happiness of loving and cherishing the best, the dearest of men"—but a poor sick ugly wife, for whom Mr. Macallan never has felt, and never can feel, the smallest particle of love.

Is it perfectly absurd to believe that such a woman as this, impelled by these motives, and surrounded by these circumstances, would be capable of committing a crime—if the safe opportunity offered itself?

What does her own evidence say?

She admits that she had a conversation with Mrs. Eustace Macallan, in which that lady "questioned her on the subject of cosmetic applications to the complexion." Did nothing else take place at that interview? Did Mrs. Beauly make no discoveries (afterward turned to fatal account) of the dangerous experiment which her hostess was then trying to improve her ugly complexion? All we know is that Mrs. Beauly said nothing about it.

What does the under-gardener say?

He heard a conversation between Mr. Macallan and Mrs. Beauly, which shows that the possibility of Mrs. Beauly becoming Mrs. Eustace Macallan had certainly presented itself to that lady's mind, and was certainly considered by her to be too dangerous a topic of discourse to be pursued. Innocent Mr. Macallan would have gone on talking. Mrs. Beauly is discreet, and stops him.

And what does the nurse (Christina Ormsay) tell us?

On the day of Mrs. Eustace Macallan's death, the nurse is dismissed from attendance, and is sent down stairs. She leaves the sick woman, recovered from her first attack of illness, and able to amuse herself with writing. The nurse remains away for half an hour, and then gets uneasy at not hearing the invalid's bell. She goes to the Morning Room to consult Mr. Macallan, and there she hears that Mrs. Beauly is missing. Mr. Macallan doesn't know where she is, and asks Mr. Dexter if he has seen her. Mr. Dexter has not set eyes on her. At what time does the disappearance of Mrs. Beauly take place? At the very time when Christina Ormsay had left Mrs. Eustace Macallan alone in her room!

Meanwhile the bell rings at last, rings violently. The nurse goes back to the sick-room at five minutes to eleven, or thereabouts, and finds that the bad symptoms of the morning have returned in a gravely aggravated form. A second dose of poison—larger than the dose administered in the early morning—has been given, during the absense of the nurse, and (observe) during the disappearance also of Mrs. Beauly. The nurse, looking out into the corridor for help, encounters Mrs. Beauly herself, innocently on her way from her own room—just up, we are to suppose, at eleven in the morning!—to inquire after the sick woman.

A little later Mrs. Beauly accompanies Mr. Macallan to visit the invalid. The dying woman casts a strange look at both of them, and tells them to leave her. Mr. Macallan understands this as the fretful outbreak of a person in pain, and waits in the room to tell the nurse that the doctor is sent for. What does Mrs. Beauly do? She runs out panic-stricken the instant Mrs. Eustace Macallan looks at her. Even Mrs. Beauly, it seems, has a conscience!

Is there nothing to justify suspicion in such circumstances as these—circumstances sworn to, on the oaths of the witnesses?

To me the conclusion is plain. Mrs. Beauly's hand gave that second dose of poison. Admit this; and the inference follows that she also gave the first dose in the early morning. How could she do it? Look again at the evidence. The nurse admits that she was asleep, from past two in the morning to six. She also speaks of a locked door of communication with the sick-room, the key of which had been removed, nobody knew by whom. Some person must have stolen that key. Why not Mrs. Beauly?

One word more, and all that I had in my mind at that time will be honestly revealed.

Miserrimus Dexter, under cross-examination, had indirectly admitted that he had ideas of his own on the subject of Mrs. Eustace Macallan's death. At the same time he had spoken of Mrs. Beauly in a tone which plainly betrayed that he was no friend to that lady. Did *he* suspect her too? My chief motive in deciding to ask his advice before I applied to any one else, was to find an opportunity of putting that question to him. If he really thought of her as I did, my course was clear before me. The next step to take would be carefully to conceal my identity—and then to present myself, in the character of a harmless stranger, to Mrs. Beauly.

There were difficulties, of course, in my way. The first and greatest difficulty was to obtain an introduction to Miserrimus Dexter.

The composing influence of the fresh air in the garden had by this time made me readier to lie down and rest than to occupy my mind in reflecting on my difficulties. Little by little I grew too drowsy to think—then too lazy to go on walking. My bed looked wonderfully inviting as I passed by the open window of my room.

In five minutes more I had accepted the invitation of the bed, and had said farewell to my anxieties and my troubles. In five minutes more I was fast asleep.

A discreetly gentle knock at my door was the first sound that roused me. I heard the voice of my good old Benjamin speaking outside.

"My dear! I am afraid you will be starved if I let you sleep any longer. It is half past one o'clock; and a friend of yours has come to lunch with us."

A friend of mine? What friends had I? My husband was far away; and my uncle Starkweather had given me up in despair.

"Who is it?" I cried out from my bed, through the door.

"Major Fitz-David," Benjamin answered, by the same medium.

I sprang out of bed. The very man I wanted was waiting to see me! Major Fitz-David, as the phrase is, knew every body. Intimate with my husband, he would certainly know my husband's old friend—Miserrimus Dexter.

Shall I confess that I took particular pains with my toilet, and that I kept the luncheon waiting? The woman doesn't live who would have done otherwise—when she had a particular favor to ask of Major Fitz-David.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

A REMARKABLE announcement is made by Dr. GÜNTHER to the effect that the remains of extinct species of gigantic tortoises in the Mauritius and the island of Rodriguez have a very close affinity to the living species of the Galapagos Archipelago, and differing from other tortoises of the same region in having a flat cranium and truncated beak. According to Dr. GÜNTHER, the presence of these allied tortoises at points so remote from one another can be accounted for only by the belief that they are in each case indigenous.

The labors of Professor POWELL for the present year in the investigation of the region assigned to him by the Secretary of the Interior have been brought to a satisfactory termination, and his party has been concentrated in Washington for the purpose of working up the results. During the season the field force was divided into two parties, the larger, under Professor THOMPSON, being engaged in Middle and South-eastern Utah, along the Sevier River and the country to the east, almost to the Colorado. The other party, with Professor Powell, was employed in the region west of the Sanpete River, in Northwestern Utah. The base-line previously established at Gunnison was made use of in the expansion of a system of triangles. Green River City, on the Union Pacific Railroad, Salt Lake City, Gunnison, and Pangwitch were used as stations for base barometers, the altitude of these points having previously been determined by railroad surveys.

The assistants in the topographical work were Professor H. D. De Motte and Messrs. Renshaw, Graves, Forbes, and Wheeler. Mr. Howell, who has heretofore been with Lieutenant Wheeler, acted this season as geologist of Professor Powell's party. During the season extensive regions of volcanic rocks on either side of the Sevier, and on the eastern side of the Wasatch and Aquarius plateaus, have been surveyed, with interesting results, many faults and folds and other displacements having been investigated, and their boundaries extended and determined. Not the least important part of this season's work has been the ethnological collections, which are of great extent, and embrace many vocabularies, as well as much information as to the history and traditions of the U-in-tats and the Seu-ra-rits. As usual, many photographic views were taken, and the series of stereoscopic pictures of Indian groups greatly extended.

It is reported that the French transit expedition in charge of M. Janssen was caught in the typhoon which ravaged Hong-Kong on the 23d of September. The ship was materially injured, but the party on board, with their apparatus, escaped unharmed.

The death is announced, about the middle of October last, of Mr. Bryce M. Wright. Mr. Wright was a well-known dealer in objects of natural history.

An annual record of publications in geology, mineralogy, and paleontology has been undertaken, to correspond in plan with the *Zoological Record*, so serviceable to naturalists. The first volume will be printed by the middle of 1875, to contain an account of publications for 1874. The work will probably occupy from two to three hundred pages, and be sold at 10*s.* 6*d.* Among those who will take part in the work are Messrs. Caruthers, De Rance, D. Forbes, Professor Geikie, Professor T. R. Jones, L. C. Miall, Dr. H. A. Nicholson, Henry Woodward, and others. Authors of articles on the above-mentioned subjects are requested to forward copies for the purpose of having them properly noticed.

The death of Dr. Edwin Lankester, of diabetes, is announced as having taken place on the 30th of October last, at Margate. Dr. Lankester was born in 1814, and was consequently in his sixty-first year. He occupied many places of educational prominence in connection with subjects of natural history, anatomy, physiology, etc., and in 1862 was elected coroner for Central Middlesex. For about twenty-five years he was secretary of Section D of the British Association, of which, indeed, he was one of the originators. For eighteen years, with Mr. Busk, he edited the *Quarterly Journal of Microscopical Science*, and after that he associated himself in its management with his son, Mr. E. Ray Lankester, an eminent biologist.

Among Dr. Lankester's publications are the natural history portion of the *English Encyclopedia*, the article on "Rotifera" in Todd's *Encyclopedia of Anatomy and Physiology*, a translation of Schleiden's *Principles of Scientific Botany*, and one of Küchenmeister's *Animal Parasites*. He prepared, in connection with Dr. Letheby, the article on "Sanitary Science" for the *Encyclopædia Britannica*. One of his best known works is his *Half Hours with the Microscope*.

Major Von Mechow will shortly succeed Dr. Lohde in the military command of the scientific expedition which left Europe in 1873, under the leadership of Dr. Gussfeldt, for the exploration of Central Africa. It is also stated that a new expedition, under the guidance of Captain Von Homeyer, will leave at the end of December for Canandge, on the frontier of Angola, and will endeavor to reach the capital of Muata-Janaro.

It is not a little amusing to find in the proceedings of the German Philological Congress, held at Innsprück on the 28th of September, an elaborate paper by Professor Schlottmann, of the German Oriental Society, upon the "Cardiff Giant," which he considers to be of genuine Phœnician origin, and intended as a representation of Adonis!

Mr. John Grantham, an eminent English engineer, died on the 10th of July last. During his life he was largely engaged in the construction of iron steam-ships and other steam motors. A work by him on iron ship-building is a standard treatise on the subject.

Great interest continues to be excited by the remarkable character of the new colors invented by Messrs. Croissant & Bretonnière, on account of their wonderful cheapness and admirable qualities. They include nearly all the tints known to the dyers (with the exception of red, blue, and green), with their modifications. The cost is so trifling that a hundredweight of the dye, which will prove a substitute for logwood, costs only about seven dollars, while an equivalent amount of extract of logwood costs as many pounds sterling. In permanence the new colors greatly outstrip those in use. They are not affected by light, oxalate of potash, nor even by hot soda—in fact, by nothing but concentrated chlorine. Used with other colors, they render the latter more permanent, especially alkaline preparations. The varieties of shade are not produced by mixtures, but by regulating the temperature to which the color is exposed in the course of manufacture. These colors attach themselves permanently to the fibres by the mere evaporation of the water in which they are dissolved. They are all soluble in water, and are precipitated by mineral as well as by organic acids. They dye equally well silk, cotton, and linen.

The method of dyeing is as follows: the colors are dissolved in hot water, and the goods are steeped and turned in the solution from thirty to forty-five minutes; they are next fixed by a hot solution of bichromate of potash, in which they are left for about fifteen minutes, washed with pure water (in the case of wool and silk to remove excess of alkali), and then placed in an alkaline bath made up with a pound of soda to seven quarts of water, and washed finally with clear water.

Dr. Thomas Anderson, late Professor of Chemistry at the University of Glasgow, died on the 2d of November.

Mr. Alexander Schulz, of Russia, has lately communicated to the Geographical Society of Dresden an important paper on the fisheries and seal hunting in the White Sea and Northern Ocean, of somewhat the same character as his elaborate paper on the fisheries of the Caspian, published at Vienna, to illustrate a collection of specimens exhibited at the Exposition. In his last paper he remarks that most of the fishing villages are situated on the south and south-west shores of the White Sea, but that along the Murmanian coast, which stretches as far as Norway, there are no regular fishing settlements, and only huts and store-houses, unoccupied during the winter. From April to the middle of August, however, about 5000 fishermen repair thither from the shores of the White Sea to take part in the cod-fishery, the annual value of which amounts to about two millions of rubles. The most important fishes of the region are cod, salmon, and herring, which are prepared in various ways for the market. Between July and September many vessels go from the coast villages to Nova Zembla in search of seals, walruses, bears, and a small species of salmon. Dolphins or porpoises are taken in abundance, and there are extensive hunting grounds.

It is now officially announced by Mr. Disraeli, in a letter to Sir Henry Rawlinson, that the British government has determined to organize a polar expedition at once, to set out early in May of next year. This will consist of two vessels under command of officers of the navy, one of whom it is expected will be Captain Markham.

A meeting of the Executive Committee of the Palestine Exploration Society was held in New York on the 19th of November, at which arrangements were made for sending out a surveying party under the command of Colonel C. L. Lane, to leave about the 1st of December. Professor Selah B. Merrill was added to the archæological corps. Professor Paine, who has been connected with the exploration for several years, is now in this country supervising the printing of the report of the society's operations.

In illustration of what may be done in the way of multiplying food fishes in new localities, we refer to the results of experiments made in Tasmania in connection with the English trout and English perch. In four successive years prior to 1861 attempts were made to introduce these fishes into Tasmania from England, but it was not until December, 1861, that a fifth attempt succeeded. A certain number of live fish having been brought out and placed in ponds expressly built for them by Mr. Allport, others were obtained in the following year, from which the immense supply now so extensively distributed throughout Tasmania and Australia has been derived. The present abundance may be estimated from the fact that, in Lake Wendouree, at Ballarat, no less than nine tons were caught during the last season. One fish, three years old, weighed three and a half pounds; another, taken in 1874, weighed four pounds. The parent fish were first brought from England to Tasmania, and afterward from the latter country to Victoria. Five small fishes represent the ancestry of the fish referred to as existing in the last-mentioned country.

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

Calendar.

DECEMBER.

Sunday,	20.—Fourth Sunday in Advent.
Monday,	21.—St. Thomas.
Friday,	25.—Christmas.
Saturday,	26.—St. Stephen.
Sunday,	27.—First Sunday after Christmas; St. John the Evangelist.
Monday,	28.—Holy Innocents.

JANUARY.

Friday,	1.—Circumcision.
Wednesday,	6.—Epiphany.
Sunday,	10.—First Sunday after Epiphany.
Sunday,	17.—Second Sunday after Epiphany.
Sunday,	24.—Septuagesima Sunday.
Monday,	25.—Conversion of St. Paul.
Sunday,	31.—Sexagesima Sunday.

Sixteen thousand copies of Mr. Gladstone's pamphlet on the "Vatican Decrees" were sold in a few days after its issue. The interest excited by it both in England and the United States suffers no perceptible abatement. Lord Acton's protest against the dogma of papal infallibility has been followed by that of Lord Camoys, who says, in a letter to the *Times*, "There is no telling what edict might be issued by the author of the Syllabus." In a second letter Monsignor Capel denies that Lords Acton and Camoys are representative Catholics, and makes an extreme statement of ultramontane principles. Mr. Henry Petre, another leading English Catholic, writes to Mr. Gladstone, through the *Times*, that in the event of a collision between the church and the state he and many of his co-religionists will be "Englishmen first and Catholics afterward." Lord Herries writes to the *Times* that the opinions expressed by Lords Acton and Camoys are not "those of the Catholic body" in England. He accepts the Vatican Decrees because they are the voice of the Church. Canon Oakely, one of the perverts from the Established Church, writes to Mr. Gladstone declaring his acquiescence in the claims of the Church, but denying that they lead at present to any practical difficulty. The Catholic Union of Ireland has adopted a resolution repudiating Mr. Gladstone's charge of defective allegiance, but still holds to the decrees of the Council. Father Tom Burke, the famous Dominican preacher, predicts that the pamphlet will end its author's public career. The *Unita Cattolica*, of Rome, says it is not Catholic Rome that alarms Mr. Gladstone, but Anglican London, which is about to return to the bosom of the Holy Father. In Germany the pamphlet has given the more satisfaction because the English ex-minister was supposed to have ritualistic leanings. The charge made by the Dublin *Evening Post* that Dr. Döllinger had some share in its production is denied on authority.

A Calcutta correspondent of the London *Times* says that Paine's *Age of Reason* is largely placarded on the walls of that city, and is extensively circulated at one shilling a copy.

The Edinburgh Medical Missionary Society propose to build a Medical Missionary Training Institution as a memorial to Dr. Livingstone. Provision will be made in it for the training of Christian ladies as nurses to be employed in Oriental countries.

The controversy among the Baptists on the communion question is creating a new nomenclature. The term "open communion" is here and there giving way to another, "loose communion," and "loose communion" is matched by "tight communion." One minister has advertised a sermon on "shut communion," and some one in Rhode Island has invented the epithet "air-tights." It will be as well for the parties to the debate to refrain from giving each other hard names.

Archbishop Manning left London for Rome on November 17.

The movements in London for and against the opening of places of amusement on Sunday evenings are paralleled by like movements in New York. A protest against the toleration of Sunday concerts (which are contrary to law) has been sent to the Board of Police by a large number of our leading citizens. The board has, however, been enjoined by one of the courts from taking any action against three of the concert managers, and can do nothing in their cases until the injunction has been removed. In all other instances the board has given notice that the law will be enforced.

Mr. Spurgeon will spend the month of January in the south of France on account of his health.

The attempt to organize an Old Catholic congregation in London has totally failed. The movers in it were Anglican clergymen and laymen, most of whom are described as having been to "Rome and back."

Dr. Miner has withdrawn his resignation as pastor of the Second Society of Universalists in Boston. He will return to the charge of the church about the 1st of February.

Two hundred and forty more Mennonites have recently arrived at Philadelphia. They will spend the winter in Lancaster County, Pennsylvania, and in the spring proceed Westward. They are under the charge of the Mennonite Aid Society of this country.

The war between the church and state in Germany continues to develop new events. The Prussian government has prohibited the use in elementary schools of Bishop Martin's Roman Catholic catechism, which makes the Pope the supreme ruler of the world. The catechism has been used for years in the Rhine region. Dean Tomazewsky, of Posen, who has been imprisoned a month for refusing to divulge the name of the secretly appointed apostolical delegate, has been condemned to imprisonment for six months more. The Austrian government has refused to deliver up the Archbishop of Olmütz, who was condemned by a Prussian court for the illegal appointment of priests in the Prussian part of his diocese. The Westphalian ladies who were convicted of using illegal language in an address to the Bishop of Münster have appealed without effect to a higher court. The sentence of fine with the alternative of imprisonment has been confirmed.

To our list of recent deaths we add the name of the Rev. G. W. Conder, a leading Congregational minister of England. He was a writer of great force, and took a leading part in the English Congregational unions. The death is also announced of the Rev. R. E. Pattison, D.D., one of the leaders among the Baptists of the United States. He had been president and professor in several colleges. New York has lost one of its best Christian merchants in the decease of Mr. Jonathan Sturges.

The Presbyterian Churches in Canada now closing their negotiations for union are four, to wit, the Presbyterian Church of Canada in connection with the Church of Scotland, the Canada Presbyterian Church, the Presbyterian Church of the Lower Provinces, and the Presbyterian Church of the same Provinces in connection with the Church of Scotland. Adjourned Assemblies and Synods have just been held to receive the votes of the Presbyteries, Sessions, and congregations. In the Canada Presbyterian body the vote of the Presbyteries was unanimous. There is some opposition in the Scotch Churches, but, as we stated last week, it will not prove formidable. In the event of full agreement the union will be consummated in June next. The United Presbyterian Church of Canada will then number a little over 600 ministers, with 90,000 communicants.

We have announced the death of Dr. Heycamp, the Jansenist bishop of Deventer. He was born in 1805, and consecrated bishop in 1853. The Dutch Old Catholics have now only one bishop remaining—Johann Rinkell, of Haarlem.

A meeting of the "Church Defense Association" was held in London, November 10. It represents the evangelical side in the debate now going on within the English Church. The Rev. C. Dallas Marston read a paper on the "Eastward Position," Mr. L. R. Valpy one on "Vestments." The Rev. J. Bardsley read an essay on the "Reform of Convocation." Several speakers expressed the opinion that the best reform of Convocation was to put it out of existence. No resolutions were reported.

The Baptists of the United States held a Convention of their social unions in Brooklyn, December 9 and 10. On the evening of the 9th inst. an address was expected from Dr. Martin B. Anderson, President of the University of Rochester, on the "Laymen of Baptist Churches." Papers on the "Evangelizing Agencies of the Denomination," "Education," and "Conditions of Progress" were also announced.

Philadelphia has had for seventeen years a noonday prayer-meeting. Its anniversary was held November 24. The occasion was one of great interest.

On November 29 Bishop Littlejohn, of the Protestant Episcopal Diocese of Long Island, admitted a lady to the order of deaconesses. The order has been in existence in this diocese for two years, and now numbers twelve members.

The Presbyterian Federation Committee met in this city Thursday, December 3. Nine different bodies were represented in it, embracing most of the organizations in the United States, and all in Canada. The meeting has grown out of the efforts made for some time past to unite Presbyterians all over the world. The unity contemplated is not organic, but rather fraternal. It has, however, the official sanction of General Assemblies and Synods. Meetings are expected to be held in London, Edinburgh, and on the continent of Europe, for the promotion of the same object. The resolutions adopted declare the objects of the Federation to be "to manifest the substantial unity of the churches, and to combine them in the accomplishment of the great work committed to them by Christ, the Head of the Church; to hold from time to time a General Council composed of representatives of all the churches constituting the Confederation; to defend by all lawful means those who in any country are persecuted for conscience' sake; to strive to procure for the churches that freedom of government and of action which Christ has given to His Church; to make systematic efforts to meet prevailing forms of infidelity all over the world; and to combine the Protestant churches in opposing the errors and inroads of Romanism."

A committee was appointed to correspond with similar committees of other Presbyterian churches throughout the world. A preparatory meeting in London next year was decided upon, to take measures for the holding of a General Council in 1876.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

An old lady residing not far from Exeter was perhaps one of the most brilliant examples of conjugal tenderness that the last century produced. Her husband had long been dying, and at length, on the clergyman of the parish making one of his daily visits, he found him dead. The disconsolate widow, in giving him an account of her spouse's last moments, told him her "poor dear man kept groaning and groaning, but he could not die: at last," said she, "I recollected I had got a piece of new tape in the drawer; so I took some of that and tied it as tight as I could around his neck, and then I stopped his nose with my thumb and finger, and, poor dear, he went off like a lamb!"

The following notice, written on the door of a village school-house, would seem to indicate that the school-master is abroad: "Kea at the woden house necks dor."

There is a lady in New York who will not permit her children to eat any thing of which Indian meal constitutes an ingredient for fear it will make them savage. She must be the same lady who would not let her children eat spinach for fear it would make them green.

"I really can't express my thanks," as the boy said to the school-master when he gave him a thrashing.

Jim Snicks puts every thing to use. His wife has a bald head, and he strops his razor on it—the scamp!

Some people are not endowed with the faculty of seeing a joke. Lord Morpeth used to tell of a Scotch friend, who, to the remark that some people could not feel a jest unless it was fired at them with a cannon, replied, "Weel, but hoo can ye fire a jest out of a cannon, mon?"

A couple of fellows who were pretty thoroughly soaked with bad whisky got into the gutter. After floundering for some time, one of them said, "Let's go to another house; this hotel leaks."

A French paper says that not one American in a hundred has a handsome chin. This is due to the fact that so many of our fellow-citizens give nearly all their time to the cultivation of cheek.

A charming picture is that of Saxe's widow at a fashionable party:

"Her shawl was as sable as night,
  Her gloves were as dark as her shawl,
And her jewels—that flashed in the light—
  Were black as a funeral pall;
Her robe had the hue of the rest
  (How nicely it fitted her shape!),
And the grief that was heaving her breast
  Boiled over in billows of crape."

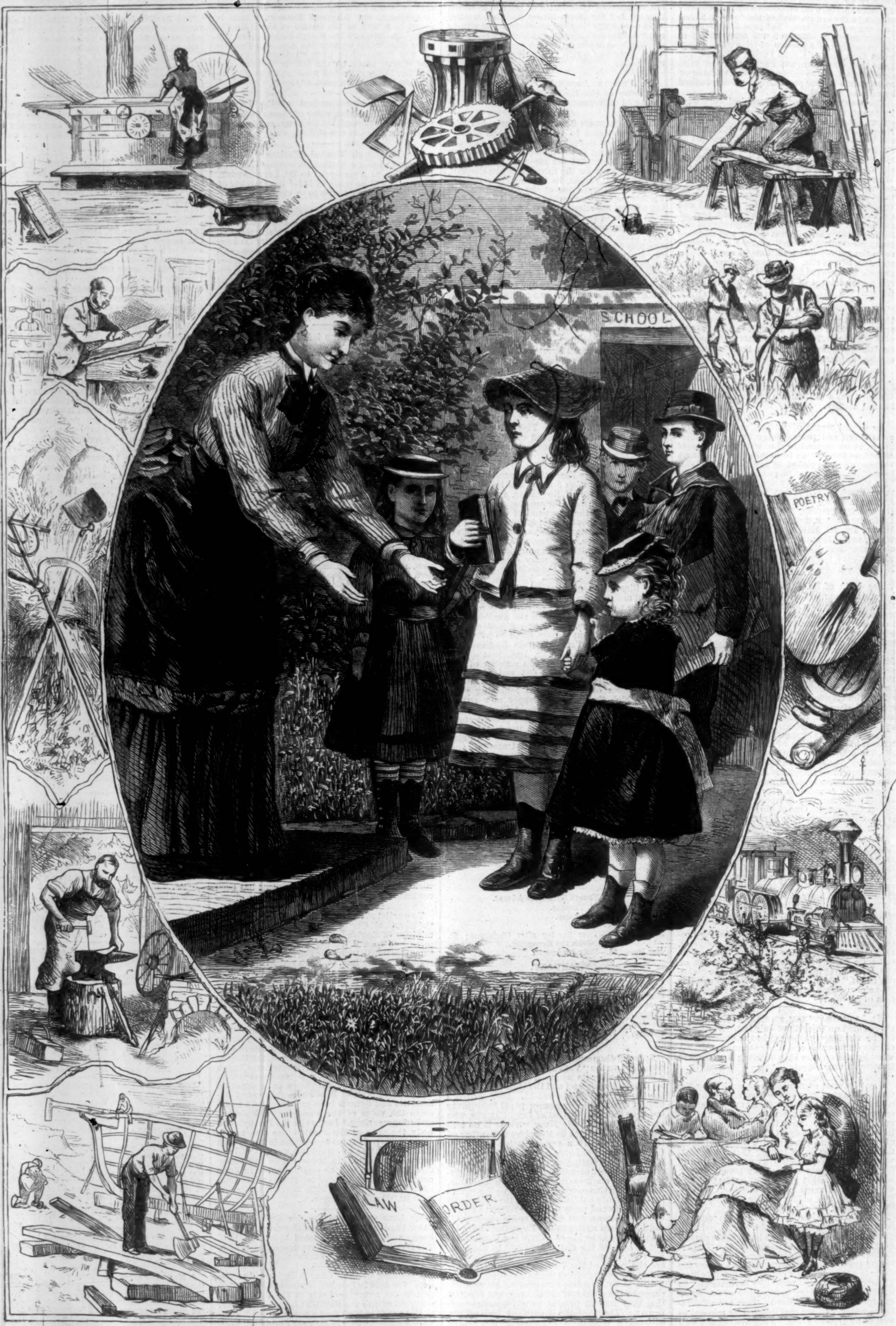
Washington Irving once alluded to a man of superior pomposity as "a great man, and, in his own estimation, a man of great weight. When he goes to the west, he thinks the east tips up."

How to treat a Wife—Treat her to a new dress.

Rowland Hill, when at college, was remarkable for the frequent wittiness of his observations. In a conversation on the powers of the letter H, in which it was contended that it was no letter, but a simple aspiration or breathing, Rowland took the opposite side of the question, and insisted on its being to all intents and purposes a letter; and concluded by observing that, if it were not, it was a very serious affair to him, as it would occasion his being *ill* all the days of his life.

Milton was asked by a friend whether he would instruct his daughters in the different languages; to which he replied, "No, Sir; one tongue is sufficient for a woman."

A Methodist parson, called to preach at an out-of-the-way town in California, was informed before entering the pulpit that he must be careful, as many of the assembled congregation were "roughs," and would not hesitate to disturb him if his remarks didn't suit. The holy man made no reply, but having reached the desk, he took from his pockets two revolvers, and placing one on each side of the Bible, gave a sharp glance around the room and said, "Let us pray." A more orderly service was never conducted.


SCHOOL
POETRY
LAW
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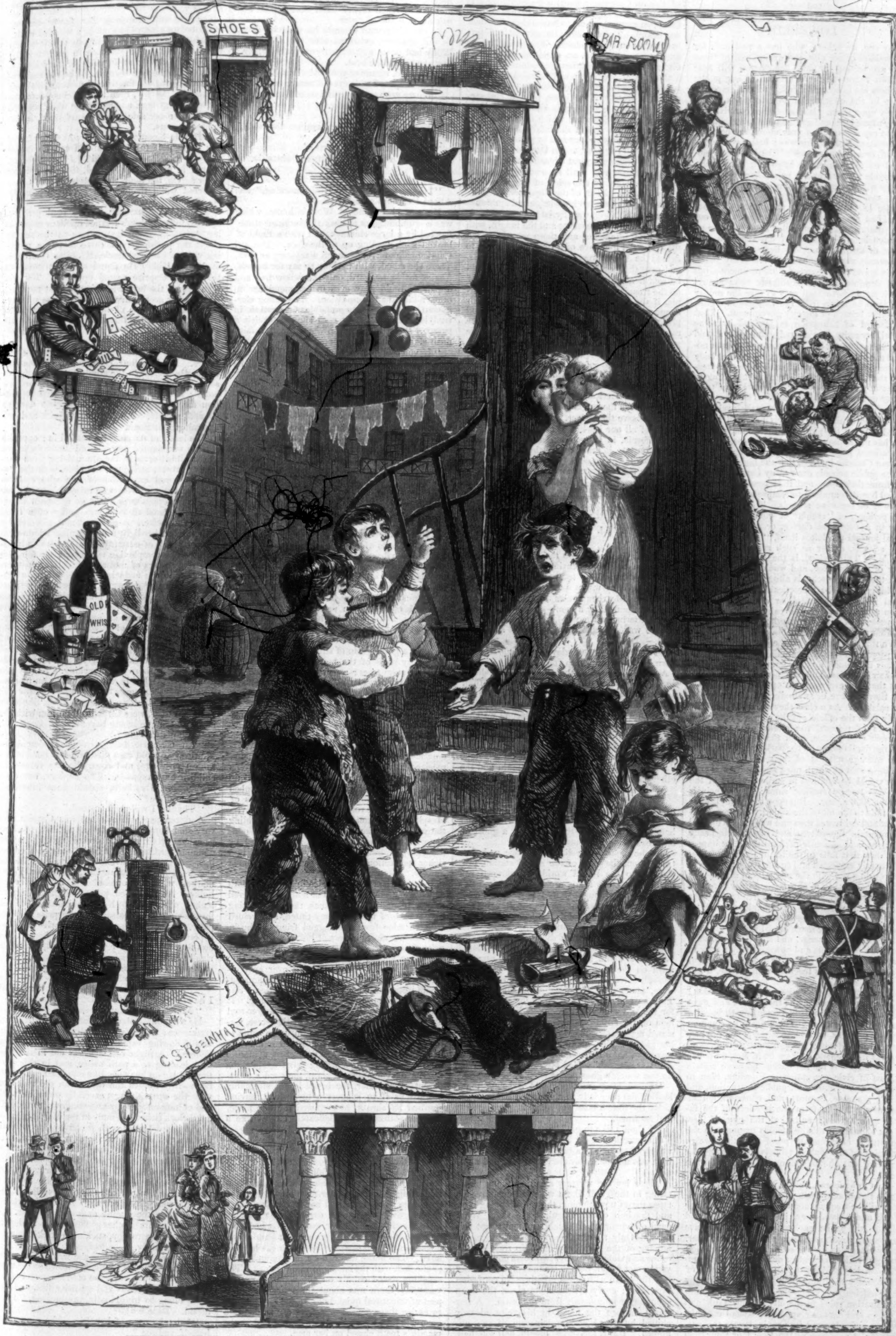
CHILDREN WHO GO TO OUR PUBLIC SCHOOLS.—From a Design by Percival De Luce.—[See Page 1046.]


SHOES
BAR ROOM
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WHIS
C. S. REINHART

CHILDREN WHO DO NOT GO TO OUR PUBLIC SCHOOLS.—From a Design by Percival De Luce.—[See Page 1046.]

[See Illustrations on First Page and on Pages 1044 and 1045.]

SHALL TEACHERS' SALARIES BE LOWERED?

No one, we believe, who has a real care for the welfare of our city, and an interest in those who are among its chief benefactors, will hear without regret that the salaries of our public teachers are to be diminished, and that retrenchment in the educational department is to fall chiefly upon them. Had several of our civil justices, whose legal and grammatical qualifications, not to say any thing of their moral, are not conspicuous, suffered in this way; had a coroner, a sheriff, or a Commissioner of Charities been punished by the loss of his large and often unaccountable profits; had a prison-keeper who indulges wealthy criminals with a luxurious home been made to pay the proper penalty of his offense by the loss of his emoluments; or, indeed, had almost any other department of our city administration been called upon to make up the deficiency—there would have been a real cause of satisfaction. We have already more boulevards than we shall use for many years. The Central Park wants no improvement; our legal administration is needlessly extravagant; and it would have been easy to save the money that is to be taken from the teachers in almost any other branch of the city government. That the Board of Education is justified by some actual necessity in this reduction they should be prepared to show. But those who have noticed the influences that have governed that body for some time past have gained a strong impression that its ruling officials are not unwilling to inflict any mortification or deprivation in their power upon the public teachers. There has long been entertained a design to lower their salaries. It was one of the first projects proposed in the board. What the motive of the Commissioners was has not appeared. But it is suggested in an educational paper, apparently published in the Roman Catholic interest, that the higher salaries of the public schools draw away Catholic teachers from their own, and it is possible that our school board is anxious to remove an obstacle in the way of sectarian schools. They are in favor, perhaps, of "secular or common schools" only in a moderate degree, or, as our educational journal proclaims itself, "in favor of secular schools, as far as such schools are practicable." This, indeed, is the Roman Catholic view of the question, and would soon do away with the common schools altogether. For they would cease to be "practicable" wherever the papal influence prevailed, or a foreign bishop chose to threaten with the pains of his Church the parents of his denomination who sent their children to the secular schools.

We think, however, that the great majority of our people are resolved to maintain the common schools unharmed by the secret or open attacks of their enemies, and are perfectly convinced that they are every where "practicable." Nor will they approve of any reduction of the teachers' salaries. As a class they are worse paid already than the officials of the sheriff's office, the keepers of prisons, the clerks of courts, the coarsest civil justice, even than the policemen and the day-laborers on the parks and boulevards. The average amount of their salaries is about $750—a sum at which most mechanics and artisans would be inclined to smile. Many of the teachers receive smaller sums; the principals about $3000 a year. But upon the poor pittance that falls to the lot of the majority of them intelligent and cultivated men and women are obliged to maintain themselves and often their needy relatives, and patiently perform the most important duty that falls to the lot of public officials. If properly supported and encouraged, they might almost do away with the necessity of almshouses and prisons; they might make murder rare and riots infrequent. They have already done far more for the peace of the community than all its restrictive and penal measures. It has, indeed, become the leading mark of civilization to honor and reward the teacher, and it is found that nations are prosperous and powerful very nearly in proportion to the care they bestow on education. Prussia provides its teachers with houses, a tolerable salary, and a pension for their old age, and has grown great by its general instruction; Massachusetts has become the richest and most populous of our States in proportion to its size, because it has given most liberally to its common schools; Texas, tenfold as large, is sinking into barbarism and bankruptcy, because it whips and starves its teachers. There is, in fact, no policy more dangerous for the nation, no more certain source of civic corruption and decline, than to weaken the resources of public instruction, and assail the ease, comfort, and consideration of those who are to form the intellect of the future generations; and that the city of New York should set this dangerous example to the country is only another proof that the foreign enemies of the public schools are successfully carrying out the injunctions of their infallible head.

It is to be feared, indeed, that for the next few years the attacks upon the common-school system will be frequent and full of danger. In New York and New Jersey, in Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois, the public teachers will probably receive no tender treatment from the party in power. They must look for the scoffs and sneers of their foreign rivals, the neglect and contempt of ignorant officials, and a general effort in all parts of the country to lower their salaries and destroy their efficiency. When the last Democratic administration ruled in the city of New York, and TWEED and SWEENY appointed school commissioners and educated its people, it was the custom of the members of the Board of Education to ridicule the teachers with coarse jests and rude ribaldry. The school-houses fell to decay, the number of the scholars declined, and a throng of Roman Catholic schools were established at the cost of the city. The same influence, in a less open manner, seems to have ruled with their successors. There seems no agreeable future opening upon our teachers. The papal bishops and priests will have an excellent opportunity for carrying into execution the commands of the Vatican, and New York will be ruled according to the principles of the Syllabus and the Council. The liberty of the press, popular and secular education, and what is known as modern progress and civilization, which have long been placed under the ban of the infallible Pope, will now be assailed with new zeal by priests and politicians in all our States. In Oregon and in Indiana the crusade against education must go on; nor can it ever rest until superstition triumphs over knowledge, or the spirit of progress overthrows the fanaticism of the Pope forever.

The conflict between knowledge and ignorance has, unhappily, been transferred to our new land. It will rest with the teachers and the taught, with those who administer and those who have felt the beneficial influence of a liberal education, to defend the American system of common schools, and save the foundations of freedom. It would be well if a national league could be formed of all the friends of progress from Maine to California, if the immense host of teachers and their former pupils could be united in a strict bond and pledged to the active support at the polls of the cause of free education. The Roman Catholic priests have long ago organized their people into a political party to destroy the common schools; they suffer them to vote for no candidate who is not believed or known to favor this end. Resistance has become necessary if popular education is to be saved in America; but the intelligence of the country lies in the common schools, and by union they may save themselves. Before the vigorous action of all our intelligent classes, from Maine to California, in Oregon or Indiana, Ohio and Massachusetts, in every part of the land, it would seem not difficult to defeat the papal cohorts and place the teacher once more at the front of our civilization.

EUGENE LAWRENCE.

MADEMOISELLE CAPRICE.

A TROPICAL CHRISTMAS STORY.

I.

OLD Woffy peered into the obscurity of low-hanging clouds and heaving billows, with the scudding drift of the tempest still veiling the horizon. Woffy was a queer old negress, bent and stiffened by rheumatism, a turban about her head, surmounted by a man's straw hat, a calico gown fluttering in the wind, and bare feet.

"De waves swallow 'em up fast," she muttered.

"Twenty years ago to-day the *Enterprise* went down," said a clear sharp voice at her elbow.

A second watcher on the wild and lonely shore, singularly enough also a woman. Tall and thin, clad in a robe whose brightness might have belonged to her own youth, sallow, sharp-featured, and with a restless blue eye, the second watcher also scanned the horizon. Between these two existed a bond which drew them forth to watch the troubled ocean: both had lost their all in the good ship *Enterprise*, and the bond was none the less strong because one was captain and the other cook.

Woffy suddenly waved her arms, and cried,

"A vessel coming in fast! I see her fust, mind! My ole eyes better 'n spy-glass dis time."

"Hush!" said her companion, wringing her hands. "It's only a thing of mist, a ghost of our dead rising to haunt us."

As she spoke a flag slid up the rope, and, fluttering from the peak of the signal station, proclaimed to the island world, "Unknown sail from the west." Many a craft had visited this region, gliding smoothly into port, or drifting, dismantled wrecks, but never the like of this one. On she came boldly, all her sails set, and gleaming white in the dull atmosphere. What was the vessel? Where did she come from? The helmsman must be mad. Ah, at last! What else could be expected? Bounding forward on the crest of the advancing wave, she paused, shivered, and hung poised in air, as it were, pierced by the fang of a sunken reef. Then a wondering silence fell on the spectators—for the two women had company by this time—men on the strand, groups on the hills, and the signal-master swaying on the highest round of his giddy ladder, glass in hand. The marvel was this—*not a soul was visible on her deck.*

"It is not real," wailed Mrs. Dearborn. "Why do you watch a ghost, good people?"

"Come away, mother," said a young man, leading the poor lady to a sheltered path.

By the time a boat was ready this young man had returned.

"I should like to go," he said, quietly.

The wreckers eyed him doubtfully. Parsons were well enough of a Sunday, and Alfred Dearborn was unmistakably clerical in garb and manner.

There lay the mystery awaiting them, palpitating in the swell like a wounded creature, the taper masts now dipping, the sails flapping idly, and the hull outlined against the sky. What deed of horror on the high seas had swept this deck? Only the creaking of the cordage, the lapping of the water, replied. No trace of disorder and violence, except two boats gone. The young clergyman went down the companion-way into the cabin with bated breath. No confusion even here; every article in its place, the lamp swinging monotonously from the beam. A low sound curdled the blood in his veins, already chilled by dread and anticipation of the unknown. It was the veriest breath, half sob, half moan; still there was some living creature in the inner cabin. He stepped to the door.

A girl, bleached to the color of her shroud by illness, with yellow hair, lay in a narrow berth, and within reach of her hand were placed biscuit and a bottle of water.

So the clergyman brought his prize on deck, as the wreckers swarmed over the side. Old Woffy had never quitted her post on the shore; now she ran to the boat.

"It's mine, whatever you got! I see her fust."

The girl opened wide eyes, dreamy and vacant.

"Where are your companions of the ship?"

"I don't know," vaguely.

"Was there a storm?"

"The sea always beat against the side," wearily.

"Can you tell us your name?"

"Call me a Caprice of Fortune," abruptly.

II.

"I hope you feel better this morning," was Alfred Dearborn's salutation.

He paused outside of Woffy's home, which was a crumbling hut of dark time-stained stone, flanked by a large chimney, and with a flight of broken steps leading up to the door. The girl Caprice came forth, as much a mystery as ever. There she stood, with nothing to say for herself, fragile, feeble, haggard, only the yellow hair and a pair of timid gray eyes to commend her to other notice than compassion. The young clergyman found an inexpressible fascination in studying her. "Those eyes should furnish a passport through the world," he thought, a faint flush staining his white cheek.

"If you will come to Palmetto Lodge, my mother will be most happy to welcome you," he urged.

"As you choose," said Caprice, meekly, with a deprecating glance toward Woffy, who was working among the onions and yams of her garden.

"No," said the old woman, flourishing her hoe. "There's enuff to eat for her 'n me. I see de ship fust."

Mrs. Dearborn, clad in widow's weeds, and no longer recognizable as the wild creature of the storm, glided along an upper path toward the church, prayer-book in hand.

"It is time for early service. Will you come?"

The sole response of Caprice was to don a simple straw hat. Woffy chuckled as she watched them depart.

"I've heerd of white spells worked on de very elect of de Lord afore."

A sharp vibrating bell warned the priest to hasten his steps. Was not my lord bishop awaiting his curate in the vestry? and was he ever known to brook delay in the sanctuary? With a nervous apology to his companion, Alfred hastened on. Caprice paused; the obligation of duty seemed to vanish with the curate. She gazed about her mechanically. A sky serenely blue met the azure sea as if tempests were unknown; a golden rain of sunshine descended on the snowy roofs of the houses and the waving crests of palm-trees; a soft breeze caressed the flowers. Glancing back at the wide plain of ocean, she shuddered, and put her hands over her ears to stifle the murmur of the waves.

"I died out there," she whispered. "What is to be my resurrection?"

Then she fled inland—any where out of sight of the cruel sea. A grove of cedars, dusky, aromatic-scented, with gnarled and stunted trunks, received her. Beyond, a wall tufted with ferns and air-plants formed the boundary of private grounds. Without reflection the girl climbed the wall, and found herself in a wilderness of bloom, amidst the rose flush of oleander, the vivid splendor of cactus, each flower-cup holding the warmth of the tropical sun, with the odd, distorted plant emblematic of life, cramped by the pain of circumstance, only to blossom into richer perfection than the smooth-stemmed flowers.

In her listless mood Caprice followed the path which wound over the crest of a hill, then curved into a plantation of bananas, the stalks rising like trunks of ivory, creamy-tinted, and veined with carmine from the ragged fringe of husk, and bearing aloft clusters of luscious fruit. Caprice flung herself on the ground, with a sigh of weariness, supporting her sharp chin in one thin palm. Her gaze roved languidly over gray olives, limes, the wide-spreading calabash, and Surinam trees burdened with ruddy cherries. She was startled by a dull report behind her. It was some of nature's artillery, the flower-soul bursting its fetters. Ignorant of the cause, Caprice pushed aside the foliage until she came to the entrance of a cave, which formed an aperture in a rocky ledge, and was draped by a mantle of convolvulus. In startling relief against the interior darkness grew a plant, the stem a transparent green color, the broad leaves stretching upward as if to support a lily, which, having spurned its sheath, now starred the dim place, pure as alabaster, and delicately curved like a shell.

Caprice bent the lofty plant to inhale its fragrance, and with one rending crack the giant blossom lay in her hands. Never did more unexpected gift of fortune fall into mortal grasp, had she but known it. The perfume was an intoxicating delight; as her feet strayed into the path once more she buried her face in the snowy petals. Swift retribution overtook the thief: a surly mastiff descried her, and approached with deep-mouthed growls. On the right hand was a house, on the left the wall by which she had entered. The house was nearest refuge, and thither she fled, with the enemy in close pursuit. The sunshine rested calmly on the white walls and veranda; there was about the mansion an aspect of unnatural quiet, but Caprice had no time to notice these details. She sprang through an open window, with a startled scream, just as the mastiff's teeth closed on her arm.

"Down, Bruno! back, Sir!" commanded a shrill voice. The room was large and gloomy, with floor of polished wood, and ceiling of cedar beams mellowed in tint by time to the richness of ebony.

Caprice, still clutching her flower trophy, stood before a very old man in a wheeled chair. Trembling in every limb, her tongue refused utterance. What had she done in gathering the magnificent flower so heedlessly? Perhaps it blossomed once in a lifetime. The old man remained motionless for several minutes, his gaze riveted on the lily, then a light came into the withered, gray face, a touch of the wheel whirled the chair to her side, and he exclaimed, in delighted accents,

"Has it bloomed once more? What! and you brought it to me because I can no longer visit the cave? Good child! *I never forget.* Where is my nephew Alfred, that he did not know? Oh, the fools, the fools! It might have withered while they passed by. My priceless beauty!"

Mr. Alfred Dearborn, having read prayers, listened to the bishop's learned opinions concerning Arianism, given instructions to the sexton about the parish school, came to pay a morning visit to his aged uncle, Mr. Silas Dearborn, of Mount Hill. He found that gentleman at table, with Caprice seated opposite. The old man played the host with his grandest manner, coaxing her acceptance of more orange marmalade, while a bottle of his rarest crusted port gave evidence of the esteem in which he held his guest.

III.

Christmas in the tropics, and roses every where. Lord Arthur Drummond, commander of the *Psyche*, sat in the admiral's pew; a handsome, stately man, with clear eye and Vandyck beard; a sailor about whom clung that reputation for bravery and aristocratic birth dear to colonial society. For the rest, a quiet and unassuming gentleman.

The ladies of the garrison rustled in; opposite was an untenanted pew. Lord Arthur glanced at the gilded cross of the altar, rising from garlands of roses, and down the aisle, with the habitually bored expression of one who endures much attention. When he raised his head after prayer the opposite pew had an occupant in aspect so unusual that he was guilty of a fixed stare of surprise. A girl sat there, glorified by a shaft of amber light from the altar window, in the perfection of a beauty as rare as it was luxuriant. The complexion was dazzlingly fair, the hair like masses of molten gold. Her costume matched, in the audacious combinations, a certain defiance of expression. She wore a dress of silver brocade and a pink satin cloak; one hand was incased in a blush-tinted glove, the other decorated with an antique sapphire ring. She seemed a bird-of-paradise alighted among a flock of sparrows. She never glanced at Lord Arthur during service. The admiral's lady used her vinaigrette disapprovingly; in a remote pulpit Alfred Dearborn was preaching. At this moment Lord Arthur became aware, by an uncomfortable consciousness, that the girl opposite was looking at him. Two large gray eyes, like wells of limpid light, were turned full on him with the intentness of one seeing beyond.

"Who is that girl?"

"An eccentric being, called Mademoiselle Caprice. An old man died and left her his fortune a year ago, and since she has reveled in childish extravagance. The nephew, our clergyman, Mr. Dearborn, should have inherited. Will you drive?"

"Thanks, I will walk instead."

A dozen paces in advance was Caprice, her very step betraying exuberant vitality, the brocade held up daintily, thus revealing slippers with diamond buckles. Snatches of song escaped her lips. A gang of convicts were coming from the shore. They wore straw hats, and coarse blouses marked with the number and name of their hulks. As they filed past, a slight, pale man looked at Caprice. Not a sound escaped his lips, not a gesture betrayed his surprise; a trifle paler, Number 40 moved on. Caprice stood as if petrified. Lord Arthur overtook her. Color had fled, her eyes were wildly dilated, her hands rigidly clinched over her heart.

"Are you ill?" touching her arm gently.

"No," gazing straight before her.

"Perhaps the convicts frightened you. Can I be of service?"

"No. It is nothing."

He went on. Dignity demanded no further interference; curiosity made him look back. She was following rapidly; she had disappeared. Where? A flight of steps was cut in the high wall, leading to a path above, and in this path the girl lay on her face, like one dead. He bore her swiftly toward the house—an old mansion, with the sun shining peacefully on white walls and chimneys. Doors and windows were open; a tall clock ticked solemnly in the hall; a glimpse of sideboard loaded with massive plate was visible on the right hand; a drawing-room, with floor and ceiling of polished cedar, opened on the left. Entering this room, and depositing his burden on a sofa, he looked about for assistance. A parrot sat in the window; a poodle lay on a Persian rug asleep, like a ball of floss silk. Lord Arthur went from room to room, discovering every where the quaint engravings, books, and carved furniture of other generations. At length he espied a negro boy, sucking a stick of sugar-cane luxuriously.

How pretty and helpless she was! Returning to the charge so unexpectedly thrown on his mercy, Lord Arthur chafed the cold hands. A faint quiver of the eyelids and sensitive lips, and Caprice clung to him blindly, murmuring, "I am afraid. Hide me!"

"I'll take care of her, Sir. She ain't quite herself, you see."

An old negress stood peering at him keenly.

A letter awaited Lord Arthur, and the admiral's lady was disposed to be arch about it at luncheon. It was from the Hon. Maud Fitzroy, of Glenham Park, stating that her papa had no objection to their wedding occurring in March.

Number 40 left his Christmas dinner untasted. As he had just arrived, perhaps the routine of labor galled him. His lips were dumb, but as his glance sought the opposite shore he smiled. The hulk lay black, unsightly, terrible, under the calm stars, with its freight of guilt and innocence, each man hugging the secret of his own breast.

IV.

"I am not good, and will not flaunt charity. There is my purse."

"I do not want your money," said Alfred Dearborn, gravely.

"Forgive me. It is not my money either," said Caprice, humbly.

She was guiding her dainty boat through the channels, a craft not inaptly christened *The Swan.* The wide blue sea sweeping toward the shore caught dazzling lights of emerald and pellucid white as it stole into dim caverns. In crystal depths below spread coral forests, where purple sea-fans waved, fish of metallic lustre darted, and the transparent bells of the medusa floated.

"How good of the clergyman to sail with me!" said the girl, mockingly. "Confess it would have been best had I never come."

"I rejoice that you came," he replied, with emotion. "Oh, let me—"

"Hush! Not a word more," she interposed. "You are the best soul I ever knew, not to detest me for supplanting you."

A boat shot out from the shore, and in it sat Lord Arthur Drummond. The two met, oars flashed, the sail inflated like a flower petal, then parted. Caprice looked steadily at the horizon; Lord Arthur smiled and bit his lip beneath the bronze beard. Yesterday a soft cheek had been pressed against his face, and two suppliant arms clung to him, with the cry, "Hide me! I am afraid." To-day the sunset wrought miracles, giving to *The Swan* the splendor of Cleopatra's barge—a gold boat, with gleaming canvas, in a broad track of rippling gold. She did not know him. Not that he cared. He went to his cabin and wrote a letter to his fiancée in England.

As for Caprice, she flew up stairs when she reached home, and watched the gig pull alongside of the *Psyche*, with the aid of Silas Dearborne's best telescope. Then she laid her head on the window-ledge and burst into despairing tears.

The Governor's Christmas ball raised excitement to fever heat in this miniature world. Sentinels paced the lawn; the low broad rooms and verandas were thronged. Lord Arthur Drummond opened the ball with the Governor's wife. A bevy of officers were grouped about Caprice. Once her eyes met those of the nobleman with a flash of recognition. Was it the quaint gown, shading from pink to pale blue, covered with creamy old lace, looped here and there with ferns, that made her so different from others? About her slender throat was a necklace from which depended a cameo of Fortune, poised tiptoe, ready for flight. Should he ask her to dance? Too late; she was already whirling away in the embrace of another man. More vexed than indifferent, he listened to the prattle of Miss Saunders, who was determined not to be overawed by her partner.

"Did you ever see such a toilette? I suppose she discovered it in some old cedar chest of her house."

If the women were down on Caprice, he would uphold her. The girl saw him coming, and greeted him with a soft smile. Her card was full of engagements. Would she give him the last dance? The ball was dull; he found himself watching a shimmering robe. Perhaps sheer perversity made him clasp the slender waist until the music ceased, then lead his partner out on the veranda to sip claret-cup, talking almost eagerly, while she listened with starry eyes fixed on his face. He had become curious about her history; mystery has a piquant flavor.

"You will leave your beautiful islands some time, and then you may visit my Highlands?"

"Never!" she exclaimed, with an intensity which surprised him. "I hate Scotland. Shall we go in now?"

"One moment. Will you not give me an opportunity to reason away such prejudice?"

Caprice laughed. "Impossible; I live alone."

When she had gone in her carriage, with its smart liveries, he crushed some fragile object beneath his foot. It was the cameo pendant, broken in fragments.

Caprice stood at her window. The clock struck two. A red glare shone on the eastern shore; flames burst forth from a store-house. With Caprice all was dark and still; over yonder there was confusion, noise, and blind haste. A man stole along the wall and grasped her wrist.

"Quick! Help me! I have escaped by firing the building."

"I knew you would come." She shrank and shivered.

"Trust me for that! How on earth did you get here?"

"I thought it was out of the world."

"Where you could hide from me—eh? A pleasant suggestion! Do me justice once, Margaret."

"Come in," she said, despondingly. She brought him food and wine. A heap of Silas Dearborn's garments was produced for him to select a disguise. Number 40 was touched. He watched her critically, admiringly.

"Why were you transported?" she faltered.

"Got hard up, and forged the old man's name."

"You can not escape," she added presently. Her face was deadly pale, her hands icy cold, her composure forced.

"I will try. Am I to work from sunrise to sunset in a gang for years? Life is a bagatelle. If I fail— You have a boat. Time presses. Get bread and water, a chronometer and telescope, if you can."

"And money," added Caprice, bitterly.

"Well, yes, a pound or so. You shall never hear of me again if I get a chance to spend it."

"On the open sea? You will only drown."

"All the better for you, my girl."

She placed her hands on his shoulder suddenly. "How could you do it?"

Number 40 was a handsome man when the dare-devil look died out of his face.

"Because I loved you, I suppose." Then he took her in his arms and kissed her. She did not repulse him. *The Swan* rode at anchor below. In the darkness he unfurled the sail and stood out to sea. Caprice crouched in the window, hiding her face. Silas Dearborn's best chronometer was given to guide a convict's escape. When she raised her head it was day, and no sail was visible on the broad ocean.

Lord Arthur climbed to Mount Hill with the broken cameo. He did not especially attempt to fathom his own motives. It would kill time, and he was curious as to his reception. This last exceeded all possible anticipations. Woffy met him ceremoniously: her mistress was out. Walking through the avenue, a shower of rose leaves fluttering down made him aware that an arch, merry face was peeping through the vines, enjoying his discomfiture. He bowed stiffly.

Lo! a note awaited him. Would Lord Arthur Drummond take afternoon tea with Mrs. Dearborn and Caprice at five o'clock? Surely the girl was well named. He laughed and went, feeling a degree of magnanimity. It was a sylvan repast spread beneath the trees, and presided over by a charming young hostess, whose every gesture betrayed a desire to please. Wandering down to the shore afterward, he said,

"Can you pardon me for breaking your cameo?"

"I am glad you did it," she replied, in a low tone. Her eyes were cast down, the silky lashes brushing her cheek.

"Tell me what you mean," he demanded, impetuously. "Why do you like to tantalize me, Caprice?"

"Have I the power, my lord?" she asked, radiantly.

Then Alfred Dearborn came over the hill.

"The convict who stole your boat has been captured and brought back by a schooner," he said.

V.

The moon shone down on land and sea. The parish church was white in the silvery radiance, like purest marble, and a woman sat on the step gazing up at the tower. "There's safety under the cross," she murmured.

Alfred Dearborn, coming from the vestry, paused in surprise. "Caprice, what mad freak is this? Pray regard conventionalities."

"I wish to see you," she said, deliberately. "I am in trouble. You should be a father confessor. Listen. I was left an orphan in the care of my aunt. She was not rich, and she had a clever, unscrupulous son who spent her money. We went from London to Scotland for her health. I was seventeen years old. A physician wished to marry me, and my aunt approved. My cousin began to make me presents. One day we were forced to seek shelter in a farm-house by the rain, where a curious sort of man dwelt. My cousin laughed at me about marrying the doctor. 'Let us rehearse the scene,' he said, gayly. Then he took my hand with some mock formula, and I retorted merrily, and the curious man witnessed our sport. Afterward he informed me that we were married according to the Scotch law. I begged him not to tell my aunt until he returned from a journey. I hated him for the advantage taken of my ignorance. I ran away. Well, a lady took me as nurse on the voyage to America. I fell ill, and they deserted me in the vessel. Number 40 is my husband."

The clergyman stood aghast. "You?" he finally ejaculated.

"I am what circumstances have made me," she retorted, quickly. "I thought that I could live here. I shall not keep your uncle's fortune."

"God help you!" he said, gently. "You will never stand alone while I am here." Thus collapsed the young clergyman's cloud castle of happiness.

The schooner had brought more than the escaped convict—a poison seed to take root, and spread a rank plant of disease. Faces blanched with fear in the darkened houses; the streets of the town were deserted; pestilence brooded in the still sunshine; soldiers were perishing like sheep; the convicts were smitten down. Numbers 39, 40, and 41 of a certain hulk had the fever. A young sailor lay in one of the hospitals. Caprice came to his side calmly, arrayed in white, placed flowers on his pallet, and, like Mrs. Browning's court lady,

> "He dreamed in her face and died."

Lord Arthur Drummond was there to inspire courage, and Alfred Dearborn with unceasing ministrations. Both men grew pale at sight of the slight girlish form in that dreadful place.

"I am not afraid. Let me do something."

"Will you go home for my sake?" urged Lord Arthur.

"You may take it," she shuddered. These words were very sweet to him just then.

"Would you care? Do you love me, Caprice?"

She sighed, and re-entered her pony carriage.

"I am ordered North at once, this evening. In half an hour I will be at Mount Hill. Marry me, and let me take you also. Say yes, my love. You have become more than all the world besides to me."

How eloquent and tender the cold eyes had become! Caprice quailed before them. Here was a proud, reserved man pleading his cause passionately in the broad street before a hospital door. Alfred Dearborn, weary and depressed, approached the other side of the vehicle. For her ear alone these words were uttered, compassionately, "Numbers 39 and 41 are convalescing; 40 was buried last night. He was not prepared to die."

That was all. The girl gathered up the reins of her phaeton with a dazed expression and drove away.

Lord Arthur hastened to Mount Hill, his heart beating high, his brain in a tumult of novel emotion. Had he ever loved the Honorable Maud with more than a calm affection? This was no time for prudence or hesitation. Death in awful guise was hovering over the islands, watching ever for fresh prey. He rejoiced in being ordered away, that he might carry off his darling from danger. Perhaps he was glad that no time was allowed for possible twinges of remorse. He must claim Caprice. He could not leave her behind. And yet he had always prided himself on being an honorable gentleman.

Caprice was not at home. Woffy was stupid and impenetrable. Captain Drummond would wait; which he did, with his gaze fixed impatiently on the dial of the old clock. Then he rushed out to find her. An hour, two hours, slipped by. Still the silent house and the ticking clock. Good heavens! where was she? A flag fluttered from the *Psyche*, a slender thread of smoke issued from the funnel. He strove to write, and cast aside the pen. *He must see her.* A sickening doubt began to oppress him. Woffy blinked with her cunning eyes, and held her peace. In grief and wrath he prepared to depart at length.

"Tell your mistress that I am deeply disappointed. If she will write me, I leave a card."

A last look at the old house, and he was gone.

Caprice, striving to catch the tones of his voice in the chamber above, whispered,

"He would have been ashamed of me in a month. I was not good enough for him, but I loved him."

"His lordship's gone," said Woffy, thrusting her head in the door. "I obeyed orders—only you should have seen his face. A noble gentleman, mind you!"

"Gone, and I am never to see him again!" exclaimed the girl, springing to her feet.

There was a flutter of flying garments down the avenue, and Caprice stood before Lord Arthur.

"Good-by," she said, extending her hand, and endeavoring to steady her tremulous voice.

"When death parts us, not before," he answered, clasping her in his arms with a passionate fervor, and stooping to kiss the quivering lips.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

So many fires originate in carelessness or thoughtlessness that precautions need to be kept in mind. Housekeepers should remember the following:

Matches should be kept in metal or earthen vessels, and out of the reach of children; do not deposit ashes in a wooden vessel; never put kindling-wood on top of a stove to dry; never leave clothes near a grate or fire-place to dry; never use any kind of oil to kindle a fire; always fill and trim lamps by daylight, and never near a fire; never allow fluids used for lamps to be kept in a room where a light or fire is used; see that stove-pipes enter well in the chimney.

Persons who have responsibilities in connection with some place of business should not forget that

Before leaving the place of business all lights and fires should be carefully examined; benzine, naphtha, gasoline, camphene, varnish, turpentine, etc., should never be drawn by candle or lamp light, or in a room where there is a fire; sand in place of sawdust should be used on the floors of oil stores, drug stores, etc.; wire-work should be put over gas-lights in show windows; always use a closed lantern, and never allow smoking in barns, stables, warehouses, or in stores where goods are closely packed; keep shavings and fine kindling-wood away from steam-boilers and furnaces; keep lofts, cupboards, corners, boxes, etc., free from greasy rags; never use a light in examining a gas-meter.

Every body should remember to keep all lights as far from curtains as possible; never to pour out liquor near an open light; never take a light into a clothes closet; never smoke or read in bed by candle or lamp light; never blow out a fluid lamp; never throw a burning match on the floor or into the waste-paper basket.

Paris enjoyed a sort of Indian summer through the month of November as well as we here in New York. A French journal speaks of ladies wearing summer toilets, of loungers of the *cafés* on the Boulevards being seated outside on the pavements, of boats on the Seine crowded as in May, and of people taking ices in public gardens as in the summer-time.

Warmth, rest, cleanliness, and pure air are more effectual as preventives, and often as curatives, of disease than all the medicines in the world.

California has an army of 107,303 children who attend the public schools, and also about 10,000 children who do not attend any school. During the past eight years more than 15,000 have been transferred from private to public schools.

The graduates of the College of the City of New York have drawn up a memorial remonstrating against any change in the course of study of the college by which any students shall be excluded from the higher and mixed mathematics, as now pursued.

The *Times of India* says that an English clergyman in Calcutta has announced his intention of forming an anti-evil-speaking society. He considers that the shameful habit of evil-speaking which prevails ought to be entirely checked. By way of practicing what he preaches, the reverend gentleman, in the course of his sermon, avowed his intention to abstain henceforth from scandalizing his neighbors.

"Lascar Sal," the original of the wretched creature described in Dickens's *Edwin Drood* as a seller and smoker of opium, recently died in London. She perished miserably from scarlet fever, drawing her last breath in a most wretched room, amidst all signs of neglect and destitution. It is said that her room was a sort of rendezvous for numerous white mice; and it is supposed that in the midst of her wretchedness and poverty she fed these little creatures, bestowing upon them a care that made them friendly to one who, perhaps, had not another friend who did not shrink from her.

The reason why so many men—and women also—do not succeed in life is that, like Micawber, they are waiting for something to "turn up." It is better to *make* an opportunity than to wait for one; and infinitely wiser to do well the humblest work than to stand lazily hoping for more congenial occupation.

Paris is praised—and justly also—for not wasting any thing; and as an illustration of this feature of Parisian government it is stated that the fallen leaves in the public grounds of the great city are always raked up and carefully removed, and sold to horticulturists, or used for covering tropical plants in public gardens. This excellent practice, however, is by no means confined to Paris. Americans—at least many of them—are wise enough to make good use of all dead leaves that fall upon their grounds. The leaves of the Tuileries Garden are much prized by horticulturists, because they contain a great many leaves from the plane-tree, which are valued for covering plots. Those from the Luxembourg Garden are preserved by the administration, and packed away to be used in winter for covering tropical plants. The leaves of the Champs Elysées and from the other promenades are sent out to Passy to be used in the government hot-house there.

California rejects our five-cent piece as rather beneath her notice. Consequently somebody often loses that amount in making change, and it has been suggested that a twenty-cent piece be coined for the convenience of the Pacific coast. But if our five-cent piece is good enough for the other States, why isn't it good enough for California?

A Boston lady recently met with a singular accident. While walking in the street a man came suddenly around a corner with a lighted cigar in his mouth, and the cigar struck her in the eye, leaving a mark which she will carry all her life.

An agriculturist who has been in the habit of giving half a bushel of small apples every day to each milch cow, states that his butter made during the winter months was as high-colored and as fine-flavored as in June. Another who tried the same experiment found that his cows gave a third more milk than those not so fed, and his butter was so yellow that he was accused of coloring it. Cows should not be allowed to eat too many apples, but a proper proportion with their food will be found advantageous.

"Vigorite" is the expressive name given to a new explosive compound, which is said to have all the good and none of the bad qualities of every previously known explosive. Its composition is as yet kept secret by its inventor, according to report, who is a Swede.

Not long ago a church in Ohio was repaired, and among other improvements a new coat of paint was put upon the pews, which were afterward varnished. The following Sunday the congregation flocked as usual to their seats. The service went on prosperously until the clergyman was about to pronounce the benediction, when the people found, to their horror, that they were unable to rise from their seats—in fact, they were varnished down! Their spasmodic efforts were distressing, and in vain did the clergyman exhort them to resignation. Frightened at their powerless condition, they were seized with a sort of panic, and tore themselves from their seats with what seemed a simultaneous jerk. Alas, what a sacrifice of Sunday garments! The church was ornamented with fragments of all sorts of fabrics.

The Library of the City of Paris was re-opened in October, and already numbers 27,000 volumes. It also possesses an important collection of engravings relating to the topography of old Paris, and to the manners, historical events, industrial arts, and costumes of the country.

A gentleman of Calais, Maine, recently fired a gun in midnight darkness at the bark of a dog, and next morning he found the animal dead, the bullet having hit him in the throat. This is one of the best shots on record.

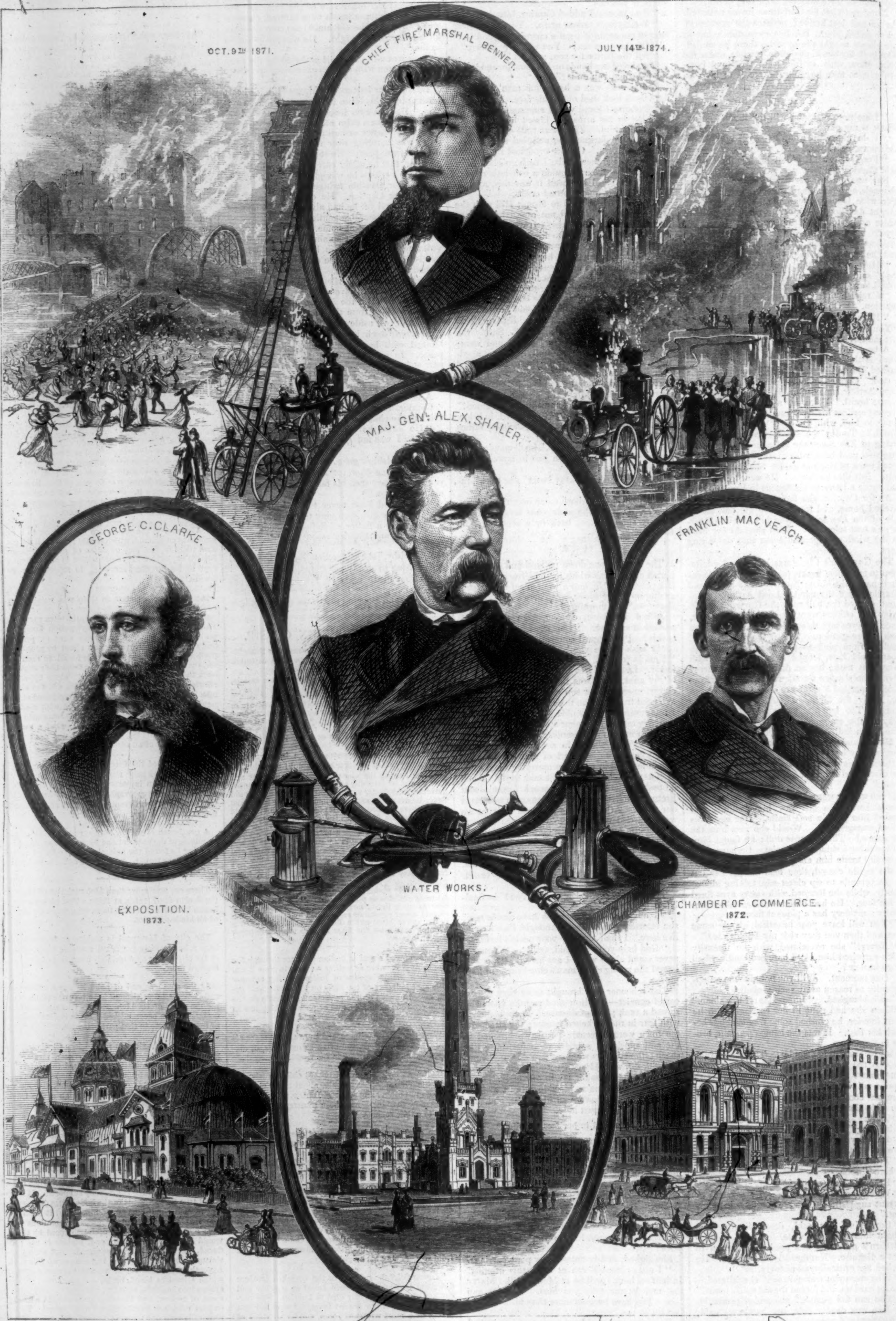
There are now more than 1400 varieties of pears in the Jardin des Plantes, at Paris. The collection was begun in 1792, and in 1793 there were only 186 varieties of all kinds of fruits.

The city of Liverpool is making arrangements to have a handsomely furnished mansion where guests of the city will be appropriately domiciled during their sojourn there.

At the southern end of Lake Nyassa a missionary and commercial settlement is to be established, bearing the name of Dr. Livingstone. One special object designed to be accomplished by it is the suppression of the slave-trade in that part of Africa.

An improbable story is related in a Cincinnati paper how that an "interviewer" sent a message to Richard Grant White that he wanted to "interview the purist." "To interview!" screamed the enraged philologist; "wants to interview! John, give me my revolver! The wretches who make an active transitive verb of the noun interview can not be exterminated too soon!" So saying, he started for the anteroom; but the interviewer had heard the conversation through the key-hole, and the frenzied scholar reached the front-door merely in time to see a disappearing coat tail with a reporter's note-book projecting from its pocket.

The mental condition has far more influence upon the bodily health than is generally supposed. It is no doubt true that ailments of the body cause depressing and morbid conditions of the mind; but it is no less true that sorrowful and disagreeable emotions produce disease in persons who, uninfluenced by them, would be in sound health; or if disease is not produced, the functions are disordered. Not even physicians always consider the importance of this fact. Agreeable emotions set in motion nervous currents which stimulate blood, brain, and every part of the system into healthful activity; while grief, disappointment of feeling, and brooding over present sorrows or past mistakes depress all the vital forces. To be physically well one must, in general, be happy. The reverse is not always true; one may be happy and cheerful, and yet be a constant sufferer in body.

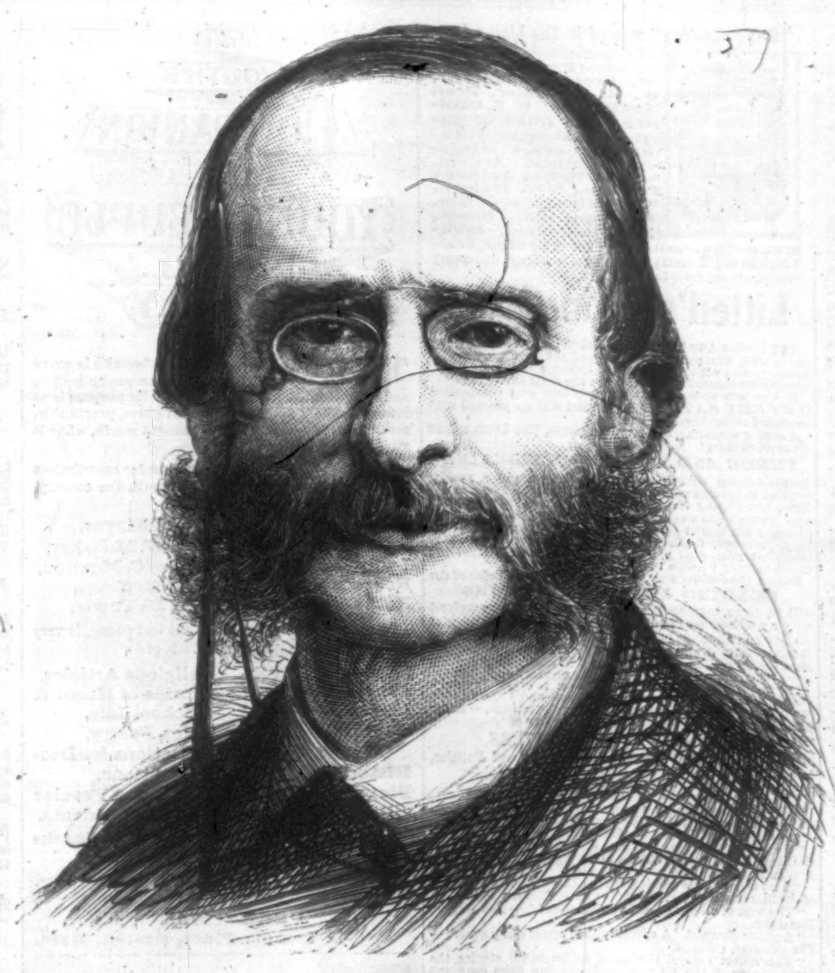

OCT. 9th 1871.
CHIEF FIRE MARSHAL BENNER.
JULY 14th 1874.
MAJ. GEN. ALEX. SHALER.
GEORGE C. CLARKE.
FRANKLIN MAC VEAGH.
EXPOSITION.
1873.
WATER WORKS.
CHAMBER OF COMMERCE.
1872.

THE CHICAGO FIRE DEPARTMENT.—From Sketches by George Colt.—[See Page 1049.]

OPÉRA BOUFFE.

Few of our readers will require to be reminded of the sensation created in New York several years ago, when Mr. Bateman first brought out Offenbach's opera of *La Grande Duchesse* at the French Theatre, in Fourteenth Street, with Tostee as prima donna, supported by an admirable troupe. Opéra bouffe was something new in this city, and it took immensely. The performance of *La Grande Duchesse* was followed by that of other comic operas—*Geneviève de Brabant*, *La Belle Hélène*, *Fleur de Thé*, etc., each of which was played night after night to crowded houses, though none achieved the popularity of the first. The airs were heard every where. Light, tripping, and graceful, they struck the popular fancy. They were whistled in the street, turned by organ-grinders, and tinkled from piano keys. Of course the rage for opéra bouffe was short. When the novelty had worn off people began to tire of its light, superficial, and frivolous music; and though it will probably draw good houses when given with the attractions of fine scenery and costumes and brilliant execution, it will never become "the rage" of New York again.

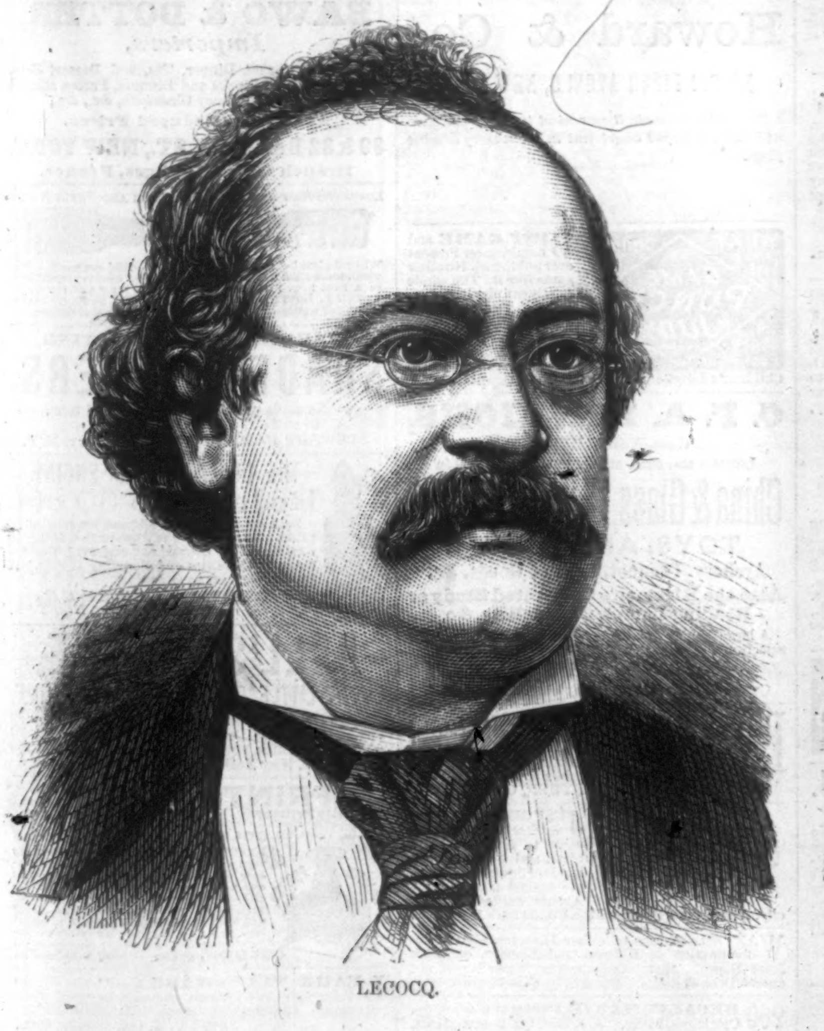
In view of the performance of opéra bouffe in an English dress in this city, we give our readers the opportunity to make the acquaintance of three of the most popular composers of comic opera ~~music~~—Offenbach, Hervé, and Lecocq. The first-named was born at Cologne on the 21st of June, 1819, and is consequently in the fifty-sixth year of his age. He first became known as a composer in 1847, when he adapted several of La Fontaine's fables to music, each fable constituting a musical scene, vaudeville, or operetta di camera. They were popular as specimens of light and gay composition. In 1855 Offenbach undertook the directorship of the new theatre "Les Bouffes Parisiens," and it was there that the operas were produced which have made his name celebrated. Within sixteen years he wrote more than thirty of these operas, some of them very short, some quite puerile, and some of them associated with scenes and language characteristic of the low moral tone of the Second Empire, but all sparkling and merry. The best known among them are *Orphée aux Enfers*, *La Belle Hélène*, *La Barbe Bleue*, *La Grande Duchesse*, *La Perichole*, and *Les Brigands*. During the year of the great exhibition (1867) Offenbach is said to have received no less than 240,000 francs for royalty on the representation of his operas. *La Grande Duchesse* drew the largest audiences, partly owing to the attractions of the music, and partly to the manner in which the principal character was portrayed by a celebrated Parisian actress. Offenbach's operas have been favorably received in England and Germany, as well as in this country.



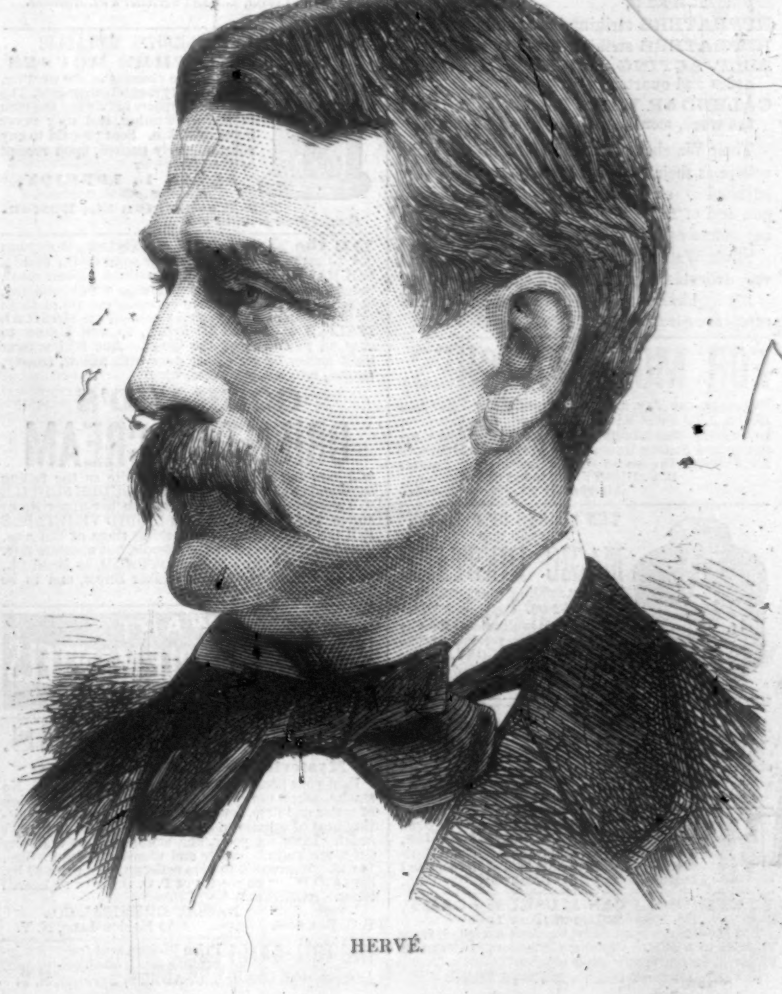
OFFENBACH.

Offenbach was preceded in opéra bouffe by Hervé, whose real name is Florimond Rouger, a French composer, who rose to some distinction under the patronage of M. De Morny. He was born at Houdain, near Arras, in 1825, and was brought up in Paris among the music pupils of the Church of St. Roch. He was afterward for eight years organist at St. Eustache, and at the same time leader of the orchestra at the Palais Royal. He then sang at the Théâtre de l'Opéra National, where in 1842 his *Don Quixote*, the first specimen of opéra bouffe ever presented to a French audience, was produced. It was well received, and one of the principal airs, the "Ronde de Sancho," obtained popularity. As a protégé of M. De Morny, Hervé became connected with various theatres, where he continued to produce similar entertainments, and thus paved the way for Offenbach, who, in fact, managed to eclipse him in popularity, and for several years kept him from the stage. In 1853 Hervé founded the "Folies Concertantes," where he produced several bouffonneries, among them *La fine Fleur de l'Andalousie*, but a condemnation by the Police Correctionnelle at length put an end to this phase of his musical career. Since 1865, when he became leader of the orchestra at the Eldorado, he has again appeared frequently before the public as a rival of Offenbach. Among his later productions are *L'Œil Crevé*, *Chilperic*, *La Petit Faust*, and *Les Turcs*. These compositions have achieved a popularity scarcely second to that of Offenbach's works.

Charles Lecocq, another distinguished composer of opéra bouffe, was the son of an employé of the Tribunal de Commerce. He was born at Paris on the 3d of June, 1834. At a very early age he displayed an astonishing talent for music, and could play the flageolet when only three years old. He commenced the study of harmony in 1850 at the Paris Conservatoire de Musique, and made such rapid and excellent progress that he carried off several prizes, among others, when only twenty-one years old, the second prize for fugue and counterpoint. His first composition was *Le Docteur Miracle*, which was represented in 1857. This was speedily followed by *Le Baiser de la Porte*, *Liline et Valentin*, *Les Ondines*, and *Le Cabaret de Ramponeaui*. In January of the following year Lecocq produced *L'Amour et son Carquois*, which proved a great success, and had a long run when first brought out; in March, *La Fleur de Thé*, which has been represented here with a success only second to that of *La Grande Duchesse*. Other operas of the same general character followed in rapid succession, the most popular being *Le Cent Vierges*. In 1872 appeared his most successful effort, *La Fille de Madame Angot*, which has been received with great favor in all the large cities of Europe and America. Lecocq's latest production is *Giroflée Girofla*. It was first represented in Brussels at the Théâtre des Fantaisies Parisiennes, in March of the present year, and is now on the boards of one of the London theatres.



LECOCQ.



HERVÉ.

CHICAGO FIRE DEPARTMENT.

Shortly after the second great fire in Chicago, which occurred the 14th of last July, the National Board of Underwriters made a peremptory demand for increased means of protection against such disasters in that city. Six general reforms were called for by the board, viz., a fire limits ordinance; a new building law; the complete reorganization of the Fire Department, including "the eradication of political influence and favoritism" therefrom, and "the introduction of thorough and efficient military discipline among its members," etc.; an increased water supply; a Fire Marshal's Bureau to investigate fires and secure the punishment of incendiaries; and the removal of the lumber-yards without the city limits. These demands were made on the 24th of July, and the Mayor of Chicago was notified that the companies represented in the board would withdraw from that city on the 1st of October if the reforms were not consummated by that time. These demands were deemed excessive by the city authorities and by the Central Committee of the Citizens' Association, while the time allowed for the establishment of such extensive reforms was considered inadequate. There was delay in planning and organizing, arising from a want of concert in acting on the various demands, and the insurance companies finally withdrew.

The situation was critical and embarrassing. The business interests of Chicago were seriously threatened. At length, however, the Citizens' Committee and the local Board of Underwriters invited General Shaler to visit Chicago, and examine into all matters pertaining to the Fire Department of the city. This he did. After a thorough investigation of the organization of the department and of the various schemes proposed to increase its efficiency, General Shaler accepted an invitation to move to Chicago in the capacity of Consulting Engineer to the Fire Board, at a yearly salary of ten thousand dollars. General Shaler at once entered upon the performance of his new duties, and under his efficient management the reorganization of the Fire Department and the execution of the other reforms demanded by the National Board of Underwriters were pushed forward with energy and dispatch. Chief Fire Marshal BENNER, Mr. FRANKLIN MACVEAGH, of the Citizens' Committee, and Mr. GEORGE C. CLARKE, of the local Board of Underwriters, whose portraits are given in the engraving on page 1048, co-operate with General SHALER in the work. It would require more space than our limits allow to describe in detail the measures adopted to prevent the occurrence of another serious disaster by fire. Large sums have been expended by the corporation to increase the size of the water-mains, and the city ordinance which made it unlawful to erect wooden houses in certain parts of the city has been amended so as to require that no such structures shall be built any where within the city limits. The capacity of the water-works, of which we give a view in our illustration, has also been increased. Among other measures General SHALER recommends the establishment of a night and day watch and patrol service, the inauguration of a system of drill, the establishment of a repair shop, the employment of floating steamers with strong force-pumps, and that steps be taken to induce owners of elevators, warehouses, and large factories to put in force-pumps, and that hose stations be established near all such places. Besides these municipal measures, many private citizens have spent large amounts of money in improvements designed to protect property against the recurrence of fire calamities.

The result of these improvements and reforms, which in all essential particulars conform to the demands of the National Board of Underwriters, is already favorable to Chicago. It is now probable that, on the report of the committee of the board appointed to inspect the improvements, all of the Hartford companies that withdrew some two months ago, except the Phœnix, will resume business there, under careful instructions to agents in the matter of taking risks. Chicago has twice displayed an almost unprecedented recuperative energy; and it would be strange indeed if, with all her ambition and resources, she should consent to be behind any of her sister cities in matters of such vital importance to her interests.

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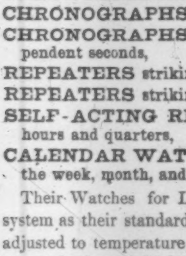

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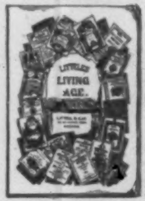

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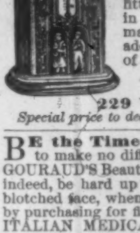

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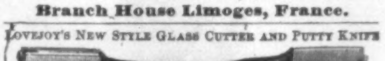

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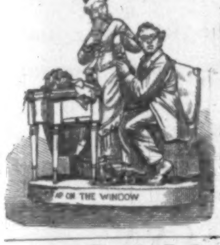

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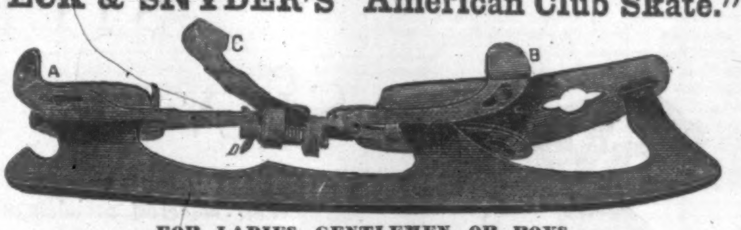

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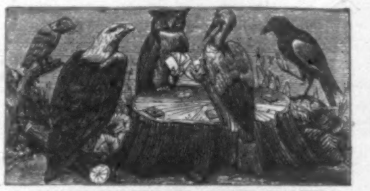

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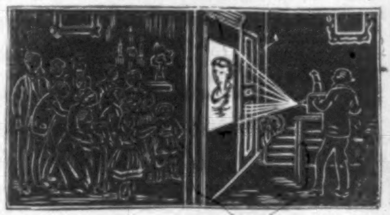

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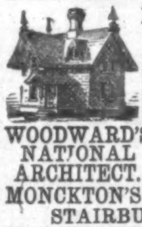

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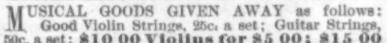
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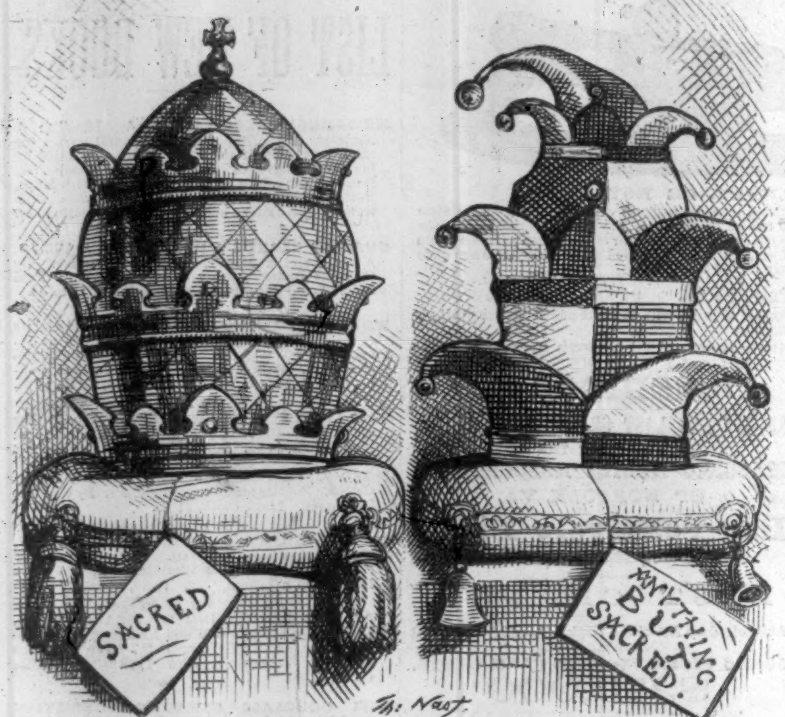

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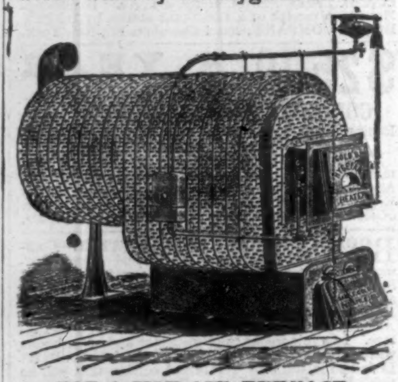

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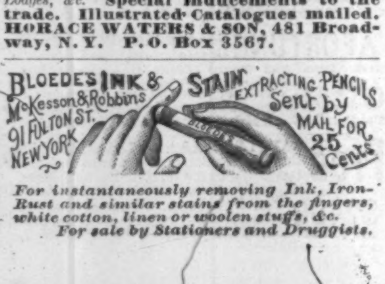
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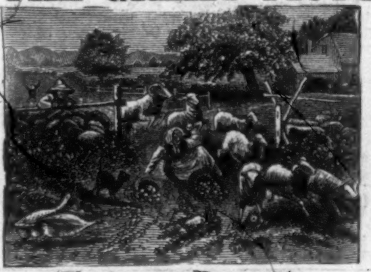

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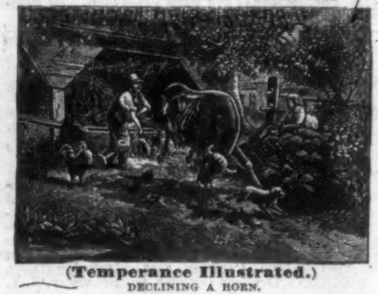

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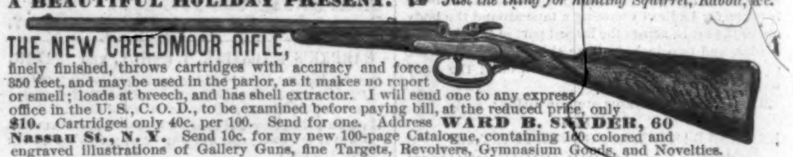

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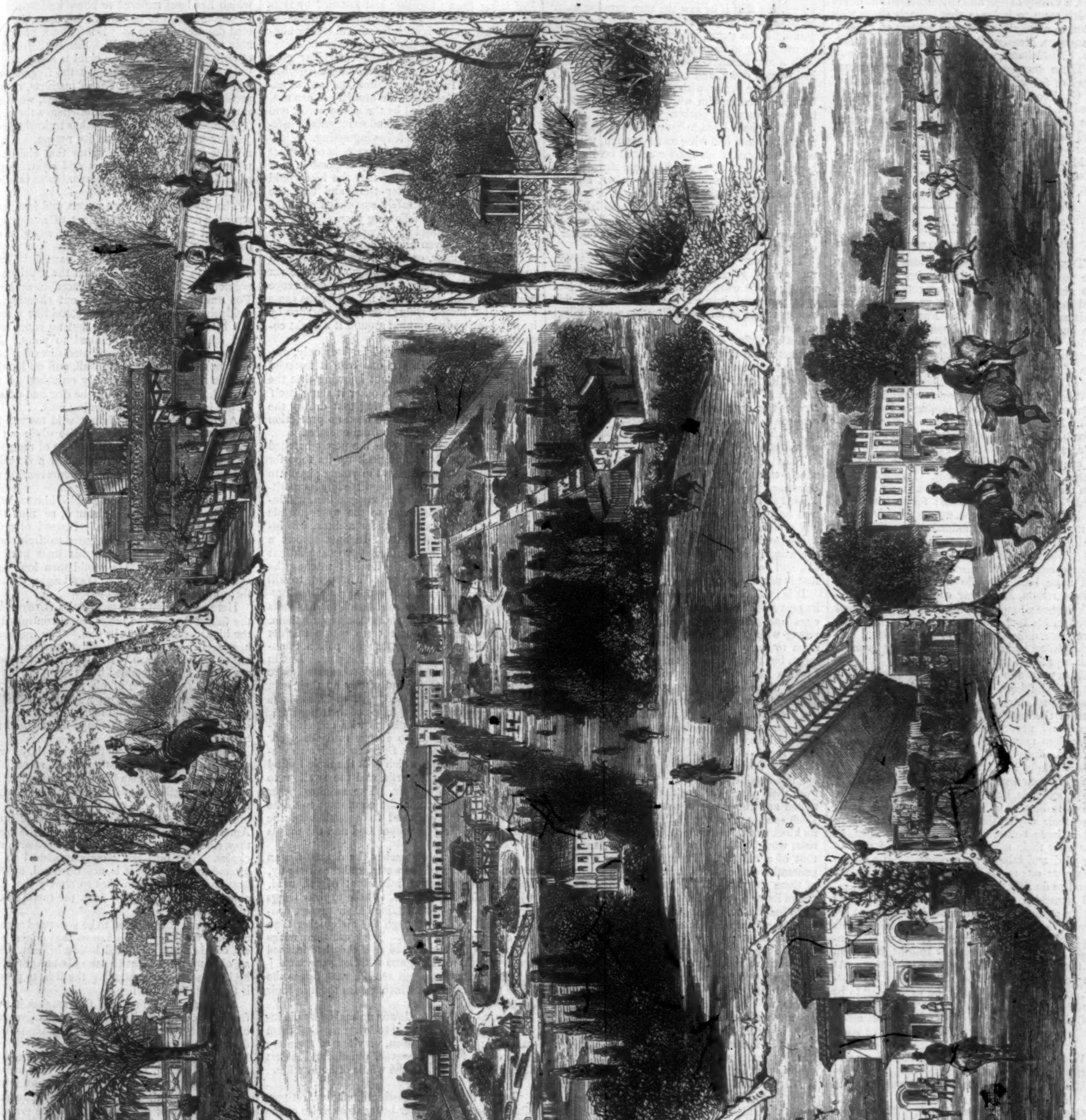
In October, 1872, Signor E. E. **Oblieght**, of Rome, purchased of the Prince of Bondini, in that city, his magnificent villa and grounds, comprising an area of 120,000 square yards, situated within a short distance from the Monte Pincio, with the design of converting them into a Tattersalls, for the buying and selling of horses. There was at that time no establishment of the kind in all Italy. By the end of 1873 it was opened and placed under the management of Signor **Claudio Gramigna**, known as one of the best judges of horses in the kingdom. The board of trustees contains several gentlemen of high rank.

At first all transactions were limited to Rome and its immediate vicinity, and in ten months about six hundred horses were entered at the establishment. It is growing in public favor, and it is now proposed to establish branch offices and stables in Milan, Florence, and Naples. In this way the central management will be able to supply all requisitions at short notice. The horses sold are chiefly of the best blood, imported directly from England, Germany, Russia, and Hungary. Among the best customers is counted King **Victor Emanuel**, under whose patronage the establishment stands, and whose stables it has furnished with over forty magnificent horses. The king is well known to be passionately fond of horses and hunting, and every other kind of manly sport.

The central cut in the accompanying illustration gives a bird's-eye view of the villa and grounds. The upper left-hand cut, No 2, shows the king's pavilion, containing the dressing and smoking rooms; No. 3 shows a hurdle used in training horses; No. 4, the open riding-school, with observing gallery; No. 5, on the left of the bird's-eye view, the principal offices; No. 6, on the right, the lake, with island and horse-bath; No. 7, the lower left-hand cut, the stables, boxes, and trotting ground, where the horses are shown off for the benefit of purchasers; No. 8, carriage store-rooms; No. 9, the façade of the building fronting the road.

The establishment goes by the name of the Roman "Tattersalls," because, like the famous establishment of the same name in London, it is a place where horses are exhibited and sold; but it is otherwise entirely different from the dingy and incommodious yard after which it has been christened. The London Tattersalls is entered by a narrow alley, and is merely an open court-yard, surrounded by offices and stables, while the Roman establishment is like a park, airy, spacious, shaded with trees, and ornamented with a lake, fountains, and grass and flower plots arranged with taste. The trotting ground, where horses can be shown off to advantage, is 260 yards long by 25 in width, and the road in which horses are driven in harness is 650 yards long. There is also a lane with hurdles for training horses to leap all sorts of obstacles.



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INTRODUCTION.

It is a popular belief that while the lower animals are possessed of wonderful instinct, they are destitute of the attributes of Reason. We propose to present to our readers, in a series of articles, a variety of new and authenticated anecdotes which seem to indicate that animals share with man, to a certain extent, the powers of Reason, Language, Memory, Sense of Moral Responsibility, Unselfishness, and Love.

These anecdotes are selected from a recent work of the well-known English naturalist, Rev. J. G. Wood. The author, who has carefully studied the characteristics of animals, advances the belief that the lower animals possess mental and moral qualities—now latent to a great extent—which may be developed hereafter.

Most of the anecdotes are related by eye-witnesses of the incidents; all are fresh, and can not fail to interest the reader.

CHAPTER I.

INSTINCT AND REASON.

There is much vagueness of idea in regard to the possession of reasoning powers by animals, the general tendency being to confound reason and instinct together, and to wonder when one ends and the other begins. For example, there are hundreds of anecdotes, too familiar for quotation or even mention, which are described as wonderful examples of instinct, whereas every one of them is a proof of reason, and has nothing to do with instinct.

When the late Mr. Rarey was exhibiting his wonderful powers of horse-taming in England, I had a long argument with him. It was his custom to preface his performances by a short lecture, in which he was in the habit of saying that he conquered the animals because he possessed reason and the horse did not. I submitted to him that his words and his actions were diametrically opposed to each other; for that while he denied reason in the horse, every successive stage in the education of the animal was a direct appeal to its reason.

His success was really due to the higher and more comprehensive reason subduing the lower and more limited, while if the horse did not possess reason, Mr. Rarey could have exercised no influence whatever upon it. Indeed, as he had stated in his lecture that dull and stupid horses were more difficult to tame than intelligent and high-spirited animals, he had already granted their capacity of reasoning.

Some years ago I had a standing dispute with my valued friend, the late Charles Waterton. Swayed probably by his religious views, which were of the severest character, he never would admit, and never did admit, that any animal lower than man could possess reason. Yet in all his dealings with the animal world, in which he was simply without a rival, he invariably appealed to their reason, and not to their instinct.

For example, he never would allow his farm horses to be tied up or even shut in their stalls after their day's labor. He always had them fed in loose boxes, and the doors left open, so that after their meal the animals could go into the yard and talk to each other. "*We* like to chat over our meals," said the kindly old man, "and so do they."

I remember one case in which the bailiff was within an ace of being dismissed on the spot because one of the men had fastened a horse in its stall. Mr. Waterton quietly took out his penknife, cut the halter into inch lengths, laid them on the floor of the stable, and went his way. At six next morning the bailiff waited on his master, looking very much as if he were going to be hanged with a like halter. He knew perfectly well the sort of reception which he would meet, and was evidently relieved when he left the room and found himself still bailiff.

Whenever Waterton showed himself there was a general commotion in the domain, all the inhabitants recognizing their friend and trying to get near him.

One scene I never shall forget. There was a splendid young bull, milk white, one of the many favorites of its master, and the terror of the farm-laborers. It was a high-spirited and playful young beast, and when let out of the stable used to indulge in pranks that are very becoming to a kitten, but seem rather out of place when performed by a bull.

One morning I accompanied Mr. Waterton through the farm-yard, and he casually ordered the men to let "Tommy" loose. When we came round again Tommy was still in his stall, not one of the men having dared to touch him. His master, after calling the men a set of cowards, proceeded to loose Tommy himself, whereupon the men all armed themselves with big cudgels. These Mr. Waterton immediately took away again, just as he removed the weapons of his assistants when he captured the huge snake in Guiana, telling them that if they were afraid they might go; which they did.

He then loosed Tommy, who came plunging out in the exuberance of his freedom, capering about, first on his fore and then on his hind legs, and tossing bundles of litter into the air with his horns. Once he rushed at the great feeding-crib that stood in the middle of the yard, knocked it down, picked it up with his horns, and was on the point of smashing it to pieces, when the men, who were in a horrible fright on the other side of the fence, threw ropes over it and dragged it out of the animal's reach.

Tommy then made a charge at Mr. Waterton, and came straight on him with head down, as if he meant to fling him after the crib. I felt rather nervous myself at this; but Mr. Waterton took it with perfect coolness, and just put his hand on the beast's broad white forehead, saying in a tone of mild remonstrance, "Now, then, old boy!" Whereupon Tommy kicked up his heels, gave himself a shake, and next moment was prancing all over the yard.

There was not the least harm about the animal. He only wanted to let off the superfluous steam, so to speak, and indulged himself in the absurd antics which have been described. It is very likely that if he saw the men running away he would run after them, thinking that they were joining in his game, whereas they thought that he was going to immolate them on the spot.

In a few minutes Tommy's exuberant spirits had calmed down, and he was seen quietly lying down in the straw with his master seated on him, and feeding him with bits of bread out of his store-house of a pocket.

I should have liked to have painted that scene; the great white bull lying on the ground, with the tall spare form of his master seated on its huge body; the litter all tossed here and there by his pranks; the horses, cows, cats, poultry, and all sorts of birds crowding round in hope of scraps; and in the background the shamefaced laborers, still in undisguised terrror of the bull, and in equally undisguised admiration of their master's courage.

The reader will see here that Mr. Waterton was simply gauging the reason of the bull by means of his own, and that, if the animal had only possessed instinct instead of reason, his master would in all probability have been killed on the spot.

Let us define clearly the distinction between instinct and reason.

The well-known and perfectly correct definition of Instinct is this: "*A certain power or disposition of mind by which, independent of all instruction or experience, animals are directed unerringly to do spontaneously whatever is necessary for the preservation of the individual or the continuation of the species.*"

Take ourselves, for example. It is instinct which teaches the child to seek its mother's breast and to obtain its nourishment by suction. This it does in the first hour of its existence as well as if it had been taught by example and had practiced the art for years. It is instinct which teaches the newly born child to breathe, to cry when it is hungry or otherwise uncomfortable, and to clasp with its tiny hand the finger that is put into it.

It is instinct that teaches a bird how to make its nest after the way of its kind, to sit upon its eggs until they are hatched, and to feed the young with their appropriate food. This may seem to many of my readers a needless statement, but even in one of the learned societies of London I have heard a speaker assert that the power of building the nest was not an innate quality, but was communicated to the young by their long observation of the nest in which they were reared. That such an hypothesis is utterly absurd may be seen from the following facts.

In the first place, although the young pass their first few weeks inside the nest, they do not see the outside, neither can they possibly learn from their parents where the materials were obtained and the mode of putting them together. Each species, moreover, adheres to the habits of its kind, so that a chaffinch, if bred in a redstart's nest, would build the nest of a chaffinch and not that of a redstart. There have been countless generations of cuckoos, but, although every one of them was bred in the nest of a foster-parent not of its own species, not one of them has learned to build a nest for itself, but, when it becomes a mother, is taught by instinct to lay its eggs in the nest of some other bird.

Take the case of insects. Instinct teaches the silk-worm to make its cocoon, to wait there until it is developed into a moth, and then to force its way into the world. It has never seen a cocoon before, so that it could not learn by imitation. Its mother died long before it was hatched, so that it could not learn by instruction. But, taught by instinct, it forms its cocoon exactly as did its parents whom it never saw, and as will its offspring whom it never will see.

All practical entomologists are familiar with many instances of pure instinct on the part of insects. One of the most common is furnished by the well-known currant moth, or magpie moth, as it is sometimes called, which may be seen any summer day flitting about the currant-bushes, seeking for a convenient spot in which to place its eggs. It is a very conspicuous insect from its mottled yellow, black, and white wings, and is remarkable for the fact that the perfect insect, the pupa, and the caterpillar, all possess the same colors.

The caterpillar belongs to the group which is scientifically termed Geometridæ, or earth-measurers, and popularly loopers, on account of the manner in which they walk, not crawling like other caterpillars, but drawing up their bodies in the middle into a staple-like shape, and so advancing by successive steps, stretching themselves straight and drawing themselves into a loop alternately.

All these caterpillars are provided with spinnerets and silk-producing apparatus, by means of which they can save themselves if they fall from a branch—an accident to which their way of walking makes them peculiarly liable. As they proceed, with the head and tail drawn closely together, they attach a thread to the object on which they are walking; and when they stretch forward the body to take a new hold with the front legs, they draw out a corresponding length of silken cord. If they should fall, they are brought up by the cord; and if danger should threaten, they let themselves down to the ground, and regain their position afterward by climbing up the suspended cord. Sometimes a knowing bird has been observed to take advantage of this habit, and to shake the branches until the caterpillars had lowered themselves to the ground, when he descended and ate them at his leisure, instead of hunting for them among the branches.

These caterpillars are hatched toward the end of summer, and feed for some three or four weeks, when they make preparations for the coming winter, which they must pass in a state of somnolescence. Let us watch one of them at this period of its life. Its home is within a leaf of the currant or gooseberry, the edges of the leaf being drawn together and fastened by silken cords. But before doing this the caterpillar ties the leaf to the branch by several strong silken bands attached to the stem.

This process completed, the caterpillar goes into its winter-quarters, and sleeps undisturbed until spring. In process of time, the laws of nature loosen the leaf from the branch: it can not, however, fall, being tied by the silken cords, and so it only hangs suspended, and swings about safely in the wind until the following spring.

Now here is a remarkable example of instinct pure and simple. It is utterly impossible that the caterpillar should know that the leaf would fall in the coming winter-time, and that the threads would keep it safely suspended until the warm weather of the following year.

Indeed, it is absolutely impossible that the creature should even know that there was such a season as winter, or that it would be obliged to live in the state of hibernation for some six months. When it again retires into quiescence during its pupal state it does not act in the same manner, but merely slings itself to the branch by its tail, previously spinning around it a slight cocoon by way of protection.

In both cases instinct, and instinct only, dictated its actions. In the one case it fastened the leaf to the bough, without knowing that the leaf would soon fall; in the other it slung itself to the branch, without knowing that during the warm days of summer it will need no protection from the elements and little from enemies.

It is instinct which teaches the newly hatched chicken to run about and peck up its food for itself, while instinct teaches the young pigeon to sit still in the nest and wait until fed by its mother. Ducks, though hatched under a hen, will instinctively make their way to the water; while chickens, though hatched under a duck, will instinctively keep out of it. Instinct throws a monkey into the most abject terror at the first sight of a serpent; while instinct teaches the secretary-bird, at first sight of a serpent, to kill and eat it. Instinct, and not parental instruction, teaches animals to select such food as suits them, and to reject that which would injure them. There are certainly some cases where instinct fails, as, for example, cattle who poison themselves by eating the leaves of the yew. But in these instances the cattle are domesticated, have not been obliged to depend wholly on their own efforts for procuring food, and their instincts have in consequence lost much of their power.

It is instinct which directs with unerring accuracy the cormorant to plunge into the water and to capture the swift fishes in their own element. It is instinct which tells the mole to find its food beneath the earth, and the swallow to catch the flies in the air. The swallow never tries to catch fish, nor the cormorant to chase flies, each being endowed from birth with the power of knowing its proper food and the means of obtaining it.

It is instinct which teaches the dragon-fly, an active inhabitant of the water, and the drone-fly, an absolutely inactive inhabitant of the mud, while in their larval states, to take to their wings as soon as they have attained their perfect condition, and to dart through the air quicker than the eye can follow them. They use their wings at once with as much skill as if they had learned under skillful teaching and with long practice.

It is instinct, and not reason, that forces the birds to migrate, and which guides them in their long journeys.

Man, as well as the lower animals, has his instincts; but, as he is able to bring most of them in subjection to his reason, very few of them are apparent. Some, however, remain and assert themselves throughout the whole of human life.

Reason differs from instinct in the widest possible manner, the former being an exercise of the will, and the latter independent of it. Instinct is implanted at birth, while reason is an after-growth of the mind. Instinct requires no exercise of thought, while reasoning may be briefly defined as a *deduction of a conclusion from premises*. This power is possessed by animals in common with ourselves, although not to the same extent; and it is by the superiority of our reason over that of the animals that we maintain our supremacy. Very often their deduction is insufficient, or their premises false; but the process is still one of pure reason, and has no connection with instinct.

With them, as well as with ourselves, reason often conquers instinct, especially in the case of those animals which are domesticated, and so develop their reasoning powers by contact with reason of a higher quality than their own. For example, if a hungry dog or a cat be in a room where food is left unguarded, their instincts urge them to jump upon the table and satisfy their hunger; if properly trained, however, their reason restrains their instinct, and, no matter how hungry they may be, they will not touch the food until it is given to them.

I had scarcely written these words when I received the following anecdote, which shows the power of reason over instinct in exactly the manner which I have mentioned:

"A cat of ours once showed great self-denial. She was a terrible eater of small birds, chickens, etc., and therefore, when on one occasion she was found to have passed the night in our aviary of doves, great was the alarm. However, on inspection, not one dove was missing; and though she was asleep in an inner cage, close to a host of young doves, she had not touched a feather. What made her conduct the more remarkable was the fact that on being released she ate ravenously."

It is just the same with ourselves. A child that has been well brought up can be left with perfect safety alone with any kind of dainties, the parents having taught its reason to conquer its instincts; whereas a spoiled or ill-bred child, which has been suffered to allow its instincts to be paramount, will be sure to fall upon the coveted dainties as soon as it is left alone, and probably to make itself very ill. Surely the conduct of both the animal and the child is identical.

In the human idiot we have too frequent examples of the terrible power of instincts, or propensities, as they are sometimes called, when the reason is insufficient to counterbalance them.

Almost any animal can be thus trained to subject its natural instincts to its reason. I have a letter from a lady, who writes that she has a pig, which for good manners and cleanliness is as fit for a drawing-room companion as any lap-dog.

The distinction between reason and instinct is strongly defined in the conduct of a dog who possessed both qualities in a very superior degree.

The animal in question was named "Don," and was in his master's opinion the "prince of pointers." His scent was extraordinarily keen. For example, one day, when out shooting, he suddenly came to a point and stood like a rock. His master went up to him; but no game rose, and still the animal continued to point. His master walked on in the indicated direction until he was stopped by a stone wall, and on looking over it he saw a hare closely crouched to the ground. The keen scent of the dog had detected her in spite of the intervening wall.

As often happens, birds got wild toward the end of the season, and used to rise while out of shot. Now "Don" knew the range of the game as well as his master, and invented a singularly ingenious mode of literally circumventing the birds.

His peculiarly keen scent enabled him to detect them at a considerable distance, so that they would not be afraid of him. Instead of going directly toward them, "Don" used to circle round them, gradually contracting his lines until he came within range. He would then look back at his master, as if to say, "It's all right, we have them now;" and so they had.

Here we see both characteristics developed to the fullest degree, the lower being controlled by the higher, and used as its tool. The singularly keen scent was purely instinctive, and had nothing to do with reason. But the reasoning powers of the animal enabled him to employ his instincts in the service of his master. First, he had observed that the gun was never used beyond a certain range, and had come to the conclusion that beyond that range birds could not be shot.

Then he had observed that when birds were wild they rose out of distance, and so set himself to invent some plan by which they would not take alarm while out of shot. The device which he practiced was exactly that which is at the present day employed by the hunters of South America. If they see a partridge in the plain, they ride round and round it in ever-narrowing circles. The bird lies closely crouched to the ground in hopes that it is not observed, and the horseman at last approaches so closely that he is able to kill it with a blow from the metal handle of his whip.

Fishes are not supposed to be possessed of much reason; yet every angler knows that all the powers of his mind are taxed before he can induce an old and wary trout to take his bait, or, when he has succeeded in hooking the fish, to prevent it from breaking his line.

The natural instinct of a fish teaches it to fly from man, and we all know that even our shadows on the water will frighten away the fish and destroy the angler's hopes of success. Yet I know a pond full of gold-fish which are quite tame, and which, when they see a human being at the side of the pond, come toward him instead of being alarmed. If a little rippling be made on the surface of the water, they come crowding to the spot, that being the signal for food; and so perfectly confiding are they, that they will take bread or biscuit out of the hand, and if the hand be kept under the water, one or two of the fishes will presently be nibbling at each finger.

Here, then, is an example of the instinct, which urges them to flee from man, being overcome by the reason, which tells them to approach him. I have seen an electric eel fed in just the same manner. The creature was blind; but it at once recognized the ripple, coiled itself round the spot where the water was agitated, and with a shock killed a fish which the keeper had placed there. At the British Museum there are now some Axolotls kept alive in a glass vessel. They are sluggish creatures, mostly lying at the bottom of the vessel; but if the water be agitated, up they come with open mouths, expecting the strip of meat with which they are fed.

This conduct is a distinct deduction of a conclusion from premises, and, so far from being dictated by instinct, is absolutely opposed to it. If the reader will keep in mind the definition of reason, he will see that, in all the anecdotes which are narrated in this and the two succeeding chapters, reason, and not instinct, is the motive power.

The following account of a tame "Horned Toad," or "Horned Frog," as the animal is called, is written by one of my brothers. I may first state that the creature in question is neither a toad nor a frog, but a lizard belonging to the great family of the Iguanas. Its native popular name is Tapayaxin, and it is known to science as *Phrynosoma Blainvillii*. The former of these names is composed of two Greek words signify-ing, toad-bodied, and is given to the creature on account of its flat, toad-like aspect.

"The Horned Toad, so called by the people of the regions inhabited by this curious reptile, is a very oddly shaped lizard, measuring when full grown about six inches in length, of which the tail occupies one and a half inches, and three inches across the back, which is enormously wide and flat when compared with the little and elegant forms of the lizards in general.

"The head, back, and tail are thickly planted with spines, which in the full-grown animal look exactly like those of the blackthorn. The head from behind the eyes radiates spines; the back is covered with them, some large and some small. The two edges of the belly are set like the teeth of a saw, as is also the tail, which appendage is short for the size of the animal, and tapers from three-quarters of an inch at the base to a point at the extremity, being a distance of only an inch and a half.

"This lizard, probably from its form, is not nearly so active as its race generally are—even when disturbed seldom running more than three or four feet, and then stopping close to some stone or root, to which, instinct teaches it, it bears a close resemblance, and trusts to that resemblance to escape detection, in which it often succeeds, as in such cases none but an eye educated in observation can trace the fugitive, or detect in the apparent root or stone a living reptile; on these occasions a quick grasp of the hand will mostly secure it alive.

"The facility with which these strange creatures are tamed is almost ludicrous in its effects. When seized in the hand, it endeavors to escape by repeatedly pressing its head against the detaining fingers of its captor, in the hope that the spikes with which it is armed will effect its deliverance; but then if the head is allowed to protrude from the hand and gently stroked, and the under-jaw treated in like manner, in less than a minute the eyes close and the creature is asleep, and it will be found, upon awakening, that the timid, shy lizard is completely tamed. This curious process I have tried on some eight or nine specimens without a single failure.

"When thus tamed, these lizards make the most engaging pets possible, their forms are so strange, and their actions so quaint and old-fashioned in the extreme. They are very chilly creatures, reveling in the midday sun, and hiding away in some warm corner when the sun goes down: in the wild state, they scrape a small hole in the sand, heated by an almost tropical sun, and lie there during the night, until the warm rays of the morning sun again arouse them into activity.

"This habit showed itself to me in a very curious manner. I had caught some seven or eight specimens, and put them in a box with about an inch of sand at the bottom, where they ran about merrily enough during the day; but next morning, when I looked to see how they were getting on, not one was visible, and I naturally supposed that they had taken French leave and escaped. But after the lapse of an hour or so, I heard a scratching in the box; and on looking in, there were all my little friends, some running about, others still half buried in the sand. This led me to suspect their habits, and so next morning, just after sunrise, I went to the place most frequented by them, and sat down patiently to watch for them. In about half an hour, my eye caught a movement in the sand about half a dozen yards to my right, and, after a moment or two, out came a lizard, and before an hour had passed I had seen four come out of their sandy beds.

"I hear from those who have traveled on the greater part of this continent that this lizard is only found in the sage-brush district, and *never* near water or damp places. It is also stated that one of these reptiles may be placed in a bottle, corked and sealed up for years, and will be as lively at the end as when first put in. I have commenced an experiment on this subject. On September 1st I placed four specimens in different bottles, corked, sealed, and then, over all, several layers of tin-foil tightly pressed down.

"I have had one very large specimen living at large in my bedroom for the past six weeks: during this time he has on several occasions gone out-of-doors on fly-catching expeditions, but always returned to sleep under an old piece of cloth in one corner of the room; and even when outside, where a run of a couple of yards would give him liberty, he will always allow me to pick him up without trying to escape.

"But of all the amusing proceedings on his part is his way of catching flies in the room.

"During the latter part of the day the sun shines through a hole in the shutter of my bedroom, and makes a nice warm spot on the floor alongside one of my portmanteaus, and on this spot the flies 'most do congregate;' so my little pet, who is not quick enough to catch the flies in fair chase, climbs on the top of the portmanteau, and, lying half on and half off, watches his opportunity, and woe to the unfortunate fly that settles below him; the instant the fly is quiet, the lizard gives a few preliminary curls to the tip of his tail, just as a cat does when watching a mouse, and then tumbles down bodily upon the heedless fly, cuddles his prey between his fore-legs and chest, and then, bending down his head as far as possible, allows the fly to struggle out of his embrace, when with one quick motion of his tongue the poor fly has disappeared. After a moment's rest, up he climbs again, and is ready to repeat the process.

"I have once counted seven flies caught in this manner within an hour, and during the whole of the time that I have had him I have only seen him miss twice in catching the prey upon which he had fixed his eye.

"As the nights are getting colder, I notice my pet is daily becoming more lethargic in the morning, and from this assume, in all probability, this species hibernates during the winter. I hope to be able to make some few experiments upon this subject during the coming winter, and the results, if any, shall be duly forwarded for publication."

The writer of this notice sent me a Tapayaxin *by post*. It arrived in perfect health, and lived for some time; but I have no hot-house, and a severe winter killed it.

The reader will probably have observed that in this mode of catching prey the creature was guided by reason rather than by instinct. It had observed that the flies were in the habit of settling on the spot which had been warmed by the sunbeam, and so took advantage of the portmanteau as a post of vantage whence he would leap, or rather fall, upon his prey.

If there be any animal in which we should look for reasoning powers, it is the dog. I propose, therefore, to give a few original anecdotes of this animal, in all of which the power of reason will be evident. In the course of this work many other anecdotes will be related, both of dogs and other animals, in which their power of reason will be shown; but as the anecdotes have a more distinct bearing upon other attributes, such as love, hate, sympathy, generosity, etc., they will be placed under those respective heads. In the two anecdotes which follow it seems as if the man and the beast had almost changed places. At all events, even if the animals did not possess more reasoning powers than the men, they exercised those powers which they did possess to a better purpose.

"I had a friend who possessed a little black-and-tan English terrier. His master had the misfortune not only to prefer two glasses of grog to one, but greatly to prefer three or four, with the usual consequences. On one of these occasions he beat his dog severely, and from that time the dog, whenever there was a recurrence of the *fourth* tumbler, went and hid himself in the cupboard, never showing himself until the effects had passed off and his master was restored to sobriety.

"I know of another dog, a Scotch terrier, whose master is extremely fond of him, and the attachment is mutual. At times this gentleman exceeds the bounds of prudence, and, when he does so, the bout lasts for two or three days. Although on these occasions he is quite inclined to fondle and make much of his dog, the animal will not go near his master, nor even look at him, but shuns him in every way, and keeps aloof until his master is restored to a perfect state of sobriety."

There was a Scotch terrier dog who lately died, to the very great sorrow of his master, an officer in the 45th Regiment, and the very great rejoicing of his master's friends. He was good enough to honor me by admitting me among his friends—the only person not belonging to the family to whom he extended that privilege. His name was "Mess," which was a military abbreviation of "Mesty," which was an abbreviation of Mephistopheles, the name being given to him in consequence of his temper, which really deserved the name of infernal. No one except his master, his master's family, and an exceptional favored servant or two, could put a hand on him without being bitten. I know a learned barrister who has been kept in bed until a very late hour in the morning, because Mess had come into his room when the servant brought the hot water, and would not allow him to get up. As long as he lay still in bed Mess sat quietly on the floor; but at the least movement Mess sprang up with a menacing growl, flashing eyes, and gleaming teeth, and the unfortunate guest had to subside again, unable even to ring the bell for help, and anxious that his host and hostess must be waiting breakfast for him and chaffing at his laziness.

One day I paid a visit to Mess's master, not knowing any thing about the dog, and not seeing the dog when I arrived. Being accustomed to an early walk before breakfast, I started off as usual on the following morning, and, on returning, met a little procession, consisting of a nurse-maid leading a donkey, on which were the two daughters of my host in panniers, and a remarkably fine Scotch terrier, which was trotting along in front. As soon as he saw me the dog sprang forward, and I, not knowing any thing of his character, and thinking that he wanted a game, stooped down, patted him, rolled him on his back, pretended to box his ears, put my hand into his mouth, and, in short, let him have his game. The nurse-maid stood by almost paralyzed with horror; but why she should be frightened seemed rather mysterious.

On coming to breakfast I spoke in high terms of the splendid dog with which I had enjoyed a game, and the host was almost as horrified as the nurse had been. Not until then did I hear about the dog's temper; but, whatever it was, it was never displayed toward me, and I believe that I am the only person not belonging to the family who was ever allowed to put a hand on him. I may mention that a life-sized portrait of Mess was taken in crayons by Mr. Waterhouse Hawkins, and occupies a place of honor in his master's dining-room.

Some years ago Mess and his master were stationed at Parkhurst, where was a dépôt. Although several regiments were represented, Mess perfectly knew the green facings of his own regiment, and would recognize men belonging to it, but no others. This, by-the-way, was the more curious, as all the troops wore the scarlet coat. He had a way of being present at the morning parade, and then going off to the barrack rooms to breakfast. He had arranged in his own mind a regular series of rooms to be visited; and if the men succeeded in decoying him into a room which did not correspond with the day, he bit somebody, and went off to the right room.

There are many officers and men of the 45th who perfectly recollect Mess even after the lapse of several years.

Once, while home on leave, his master was taken with a fit of illness, Mess, as a matter of course, keeping guard. In the course of the night the necessary medicine was brought by the patient's mother, who wore a rather elegant night-cap, reserved, as she used to say, in case of fire. The medicine happened to be peculiarly distasteful, and the patient gave an involuntary shudder. Whereupon Mess, thinking that his master was being injured, flew at the lady, and never afterward would endure the sight of a feminine night-cap.

Mess was good enough to extend his friendship to his master's father, a surgeon, and condescended to accompany him on his rounds, sitting in great state on the box. One day he fell off as the carriage started, and the wheels went over him, breaking one of his legs. He would not allow himself to be touched, except by the surgeon's hands; and to him he was quiet and amenable, allowing his leg to be set and laid in splints without showing the least anger, and being evidently grateful for the services rendered to him. The leg rapidly recovered, and Mess was at his master's country-house when the surgeon came to pay his son a visit. No sooner did Mess see him than, although his injury had long been healed, he began to limp, went to his old friend, rolled over on his back, and held up his leg. Nor would he desist until a handkerchief had been tied round the leg and some water poured over it. Afterward, when he happened to injure a paw, he went of his own accord to the surgeon, held up the damaged limb, and asked for help as plainly as if he possessed human language.

We shall hear more of Mess in succeeding pages, but meanwhile it is impossible not to see that the actions of the dog proceeded from real reason. Sometimes his premises were false, as in the case where he kept the guest in bed, or when he must needs have the sound limb dressed; but there is no doubt that he did draw a conclusion from premises, and that therefore he possessed reason.

A lady of my acquaintance once saw a curious instance of reasoning in a toad.

She was sitting in a garden, when she saw something alive moving along the base of the wall, which was an old one and full of crevices. The object proved to be a large toad, which was examining the wall in a most systematic fashion. She saw the creature raise himself on his hind-legs, peer into a crevice first with one eye and then with the other. Then he tapped the wall with his paw, and pushed it into the aperture. Evidently dissatisfied, he went away and tried another crevice in the same manner and with the same result. A third, however, was larger than the other; and this seemed to be to his taste, for he slowly drew himself up the wall and disappeared into the crevice.

It was evident that the creature knew his own dimensions, and was taking measurements of the crevices in order to find one that would allow him to enter. Toads, by-the-way, possess sufficient reason to be easily tamed, and to come at a call. My children generally have some tame toads in the summer-time, and are in the habit of carrying them round the garden and holding them up to let them catch the flies and other insects that settle on the flowers. The creatures are so accustomed to this mode of being fed that they do not require to be held, but sit quietly on the open hand.

It is very curious to note how the reason of the lower animals suddenly fails just where least expected. My bull-dog, "Apollo," an animal of peculiar intellectual powers, once displayed a singular example of this sudden failure.

I was walking out, with Apollo as usual at my heels, when I met a party of friends, who began to ridicule the dog, saying that he was of no use except at a dog-fight, and could not even fetch or carry. I answered by throwing my stick, a heavy "Penang lawyer," over a high park fence standing on the top of a steep bank. Apollo dashed after it, and, being lithe and active as a greyhound, he sprang up the bank and fairly leaped the fence, just helping himself over with his legs.

Presently we saw his round head come up on the other side of the fence, the stick being in his jaws. It was so heavy that he could not even get his fore-legs on the fence, and so he ran along the inside trying to find an outlet. As the fence had been recently repaired, he could not find an exit, and straightway set about making one. He put down the stick, and deliberately bit a hole through the fence, tearing away the oak planks as if they were pasteboard, until he had made a hole through which he could pass. He went through the hole, put his head into the field, took the stick in his mouth, and tried to pull it after him. As, however, he had grasped it by the middle, the stick naturally resisted his efforts.

I thought that the dog would be sure to take the stick by one of its ends, and so pull it through; but, instead of doing so, he went back into the field, and tore away the fence until he had made a hole large enough for the stick when held by the middle.

This story is the more remarkable because other dogs, certainly not of greater mental calibre than Apollo, have resorted to that very simple mode of getting out of a difficulty.

For example, I have a letter before me in which is an account of a dog that had been sent into the water after a wooden rail about eight feet long and several inches wide. The animal took it by the middle and swam with it to the only place where a landing was practicable; but, finding that there was not sufficient space for the long rail, he swam out again, turned the rail round, took one end in his mouth, and so brought it ashore. Presently his master threw the rail into the water again, and this time the dog took it by the end at once in order to bring it in, never seizing it by the middle after his first failure.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

KISS PRETTY POLL.

"POLL! pretty Poll!" the parrot screamed,
  And "Pretty Poll!" repeated I,
The while I stole a merry glance
  Across the room, all on the sly,
Where Someone plied her needle fast,
  Demurely by the window sitting;
But I upon her cheek beheld
  A multitude of blushes flitting.

"Kiss pretty Poll," the parrot coaxed;
  "I would, but dare not try," I said,
And stole another glance to see
  How Someone drooped her golden head,
And sought for something on the floor
  (The loss was only feigned, I knew);
And still "Kiss Poll," the parrot screamed—
  The very thing I longed to do.

But Someone turned to me at last:
  "Please, won't you keep that parrot still?"
"Why, yes," said I; "at least, you know,
  If you will let me, dear, I will."
And so—well, never mind the rest;
  But Someone said it was a shame
To take advantage, just because
  A foolish parrot stole her name.

(Continued from No. 937, page 1036.)

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A STRANGE WORLD.

BY MISS BRADDON,

AUTHOR OF "TAKEN AT THE FLOOD," "TO THE BITTER END," "STRANGERS AND PILGRIMS," "AURORA FLOYD," "THE LOVELS OF ARDEN," ETC.

CHAPTER LII.

"'IT IS TIME, O PASSIONATE HEART!' SAID I."

THE reason of Muriel's conduct was fully explained by the fact of Mr. Tomlin's death. The one friend whom her husband's forethought had provided for her had been snatched away before the hour of her need, and she had found herself alone, without help, counsel, or shelter. Doubtless an overstrained respect for her promise—perhaps a latent fear of Bridget Trevanard's severe nature—had withheld her from revealing the fact of her marriage and the manner of it. She had borne the deep agony of shame rather than endanger her husband's future. She had perhaps argued that if her mother and father had been told the truth, nothing would have prevented their communicating it to the Squire, and then George would have been disinherited through her broken promise. Woman-like, she had deemed her own peace—her own fair fame even—a lighter sacrifice than her husband's welfare, and she had kept silence.

With this additional evidence of George Penwyn's letters, fully acknowledging Muriel as his wife, Humphrey Clissold felt that there was no further cause for delay. The law could not be too soon set in motion, if the law were needed to secure Muriel and Justina their rights. But before appealing to the law he resolved upon submitting the whole case to Churchill Penwyn and to Justina in order to discover the possibility of compromise. It would be a hard thing to reduce Churchill and his fair young wife to beggary. They had spent their money wisely, and done good in the land. An equitable division of the estate would be better pleasing to Mr. Clissold's idea of justice than a strict exaction of legal rights, and he had little doubt that Justina would think with him.

His first duty was to go to her and tell her all the truth, and he lost no time in performing that duty. It was on Saturday morning that he found the letters in the loft, and on Saturday evening he was in London, with the quiet of Sunday before him in which to make his revelation.

He left a note for Justina at her lodgings.

"DEAR MISS ELGOOD,—Please do not go to church to-morrow morning, as I want to have a long talk with you on a serious business matter, and will call at eleven for that purpose.

"Yours always,
"HUMPHREY CLISSOLD.

"Saturday evening."

He found her ready to receive him next morning at eleven, fresh and fair in her simple autumn dress of fawn-colored cashmere, with neat linen collar and cuffs, a blue ribbon and silver locket her sole ornaments.

His letter had filled her with vague apprehensions, which Mathew Elgood's arguments had not been able to dispel.

"What business can you have to talk about with me?" she asked, nervously, as she and Humphrey shook hands. "I hope it is nothing very awful. Your letter has kept me in a fever ever since I received it."

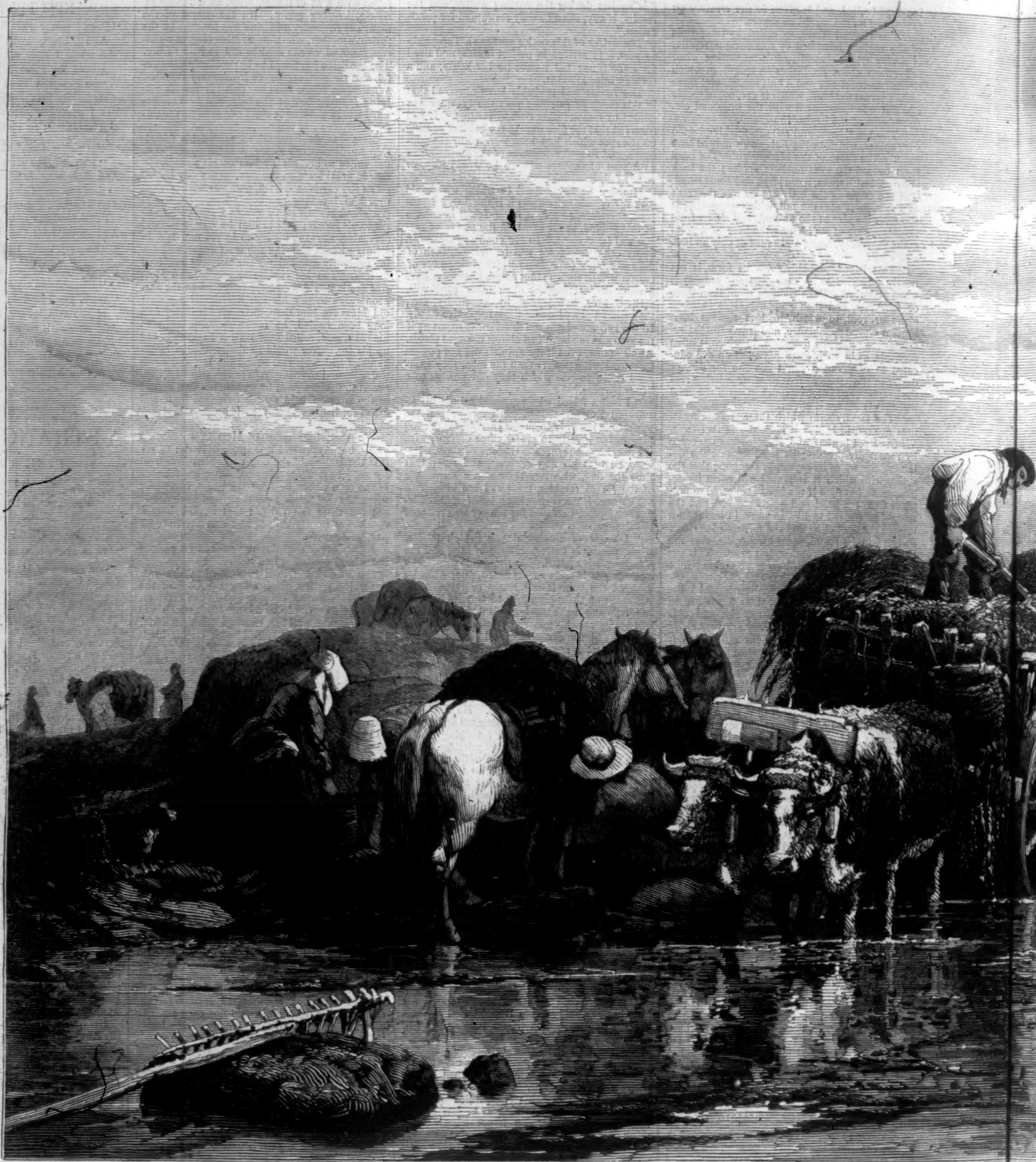
"I am so sorry to hear that. I ought to have said less, or more. It is a serious business, but I hope not one that need give you pain, except so far as your tenderness and compassion may be concerned for others. The story I am going to tell you is a sad one, and has to do with your own infancy."

"I can't understand," she said, with a perplexed look.

"Don't try to understand until I have told you more. I shall make every thing very clear to you in due time."

"Papa may hear, I suppose," said she, with a glance at the comedian who had laid down his after-breakfast pipe and was looking far from comfortable.

"Yes, I see no reason why Mr. Elgood should



SEA-WEED GATHERERS

not hear all I have to say. He will be able to confirm some of my statements."

Mathew Elgood moved uneasily in his chair, emptied the ashes from his pipe with a shaking hand, wiped his forehead with an enormous bandana, and then burst out suddenly:

"Justina, Mr. Clissold is about to make a revelation. I know enough of its nature to know that it will be startling. I think I've done my duty by you, my girl; urged you on in your profession; taught you how to walk the stage, how to make a point; taught you Miss Farren's original business in Lady Teazle. We've shared and shared alike, through good and foul weather. Lear and his Fool couldn't have stuck better by each other. We've tramped the barren heath of life through storm and tempest, and if you've had to wear leaky shoes sometimes, why, so have I. And if you discover from Mr. Clissold," pointing his pipe at Humphrey with tremulous hand, "that I am not so much your father as I might have been had nature intended me for that position, I hope your heart will speak for me, and confess that I have done a father's duty."

With this closing appeal Mr. Elgood laid down his pipe, buried his face in the big bandana, and sobbed aloud.

Justina was on her knees at his feet in a moment, her arms round him, his grizzled head drawn down upon her shoulder, soothing, caressing him.

"Dear papa, what can you mean? Not my father?"

"No, my love," sobbed the comedian. "Legally, actually, as a matter of fact, I have no claim to that title. Morally, it is another pair of shoes. I held you at the baptismal font; I have fed you many a time when your sole refreshment was alike insipid and sloppy; these hands have guided your infantile steps; yet I am not your father. Legally I have no authority over you—or your salary."

"You are my father all the same," answered Justina, emphatically. "What other father have I?"

"Your legal parent has certainly been conspicuous by his absence, my love. You were placed in my wife's arms on the day of your birth—an abandoned child—and from that hour to her death she honestly performed a mother's part."

"And shall never have less than a mother's love!" cried Justina. "Do not fear, dear papa, that any thing I may hear to-day can ever lessen my affection for you. We have borne too much misfortune together not to love each other dearly," she added, with a touch of sadness.

"Say [illegible] Sir!" exclaimed the actor, with an oratorical flourish of his bandana; "she is stanch, and I fear not the issue."

Humphrey told his story in plainest words—the story of Muriel's marriage and Muriel's sorrow. Justina heard him with tears of tenderness and pity.

"Now, Justina," he said, after having explained every thing, "you understand that you have a legal claim to the Penwyn estate. Your grandfather's will bequeathed the property to George Penwyn, your father, or his issue, male or female. If a daughter inherited, her husband, whomsoever she married, was to assume the name of Penwyn. I have taken the trouble to read the will, and I have no doubt as to your position. You can file a bill in Chancery—or your next friend for you—to-morrow, and you can oust Churchill Penwyn from house and land, wealth and social status. It will be rather hard upon his wife, who is a very sweet woman, and has done much good in her neighborhood."

"Do you think I want his money or his land?" cried Justina, indignantly. "Not a sixpence—not a rood. I only want the name you say I have a right to bear—James Penwyn's name. To think that we were cousins! Poor James!"

"You dislike Churchill Penwyn. This would be a grand revenge for you."

"I dislike him because I have never been able to rid myself of the idea that he had some hand in his cousin's death. But I do not wish to injure him. I leave him to God and his own conscience. If he has sinned as I believe he has, life must be bitter to him—in spite of wealth and position."

"Are you not intoxicated by the notion of being Lady of Penwyn Manor?" asked Humphrey.

"No. I am content to be what I am—to earn my own bread, and live happily with poor old papa," laying her hand lovingly on the comedian's shoulder.

A welcome hearing this for Humphrey Clissold, who had feared lest change of fortune should work a fatal change in the girl he loved. But he suppressed all appearance of emotion and went on in his business-like tone.

"Well, Justina, since you seem to regard your right to the Penwyn estate with supreme indifference, you will be the more likely to fall into my way of thinking. Looking at the case from an equitable stand-point, it does certainly appear to me that, although by the old Squire's will you are entitled to the whole of the property, it would be not the less an injustice were you to claim all. It would seem a hard thing to deprive Churchill Penwyn altogether of an estate which he has administered with judgment and benevolence. My idea, therefore, is that I, as your next friend, if
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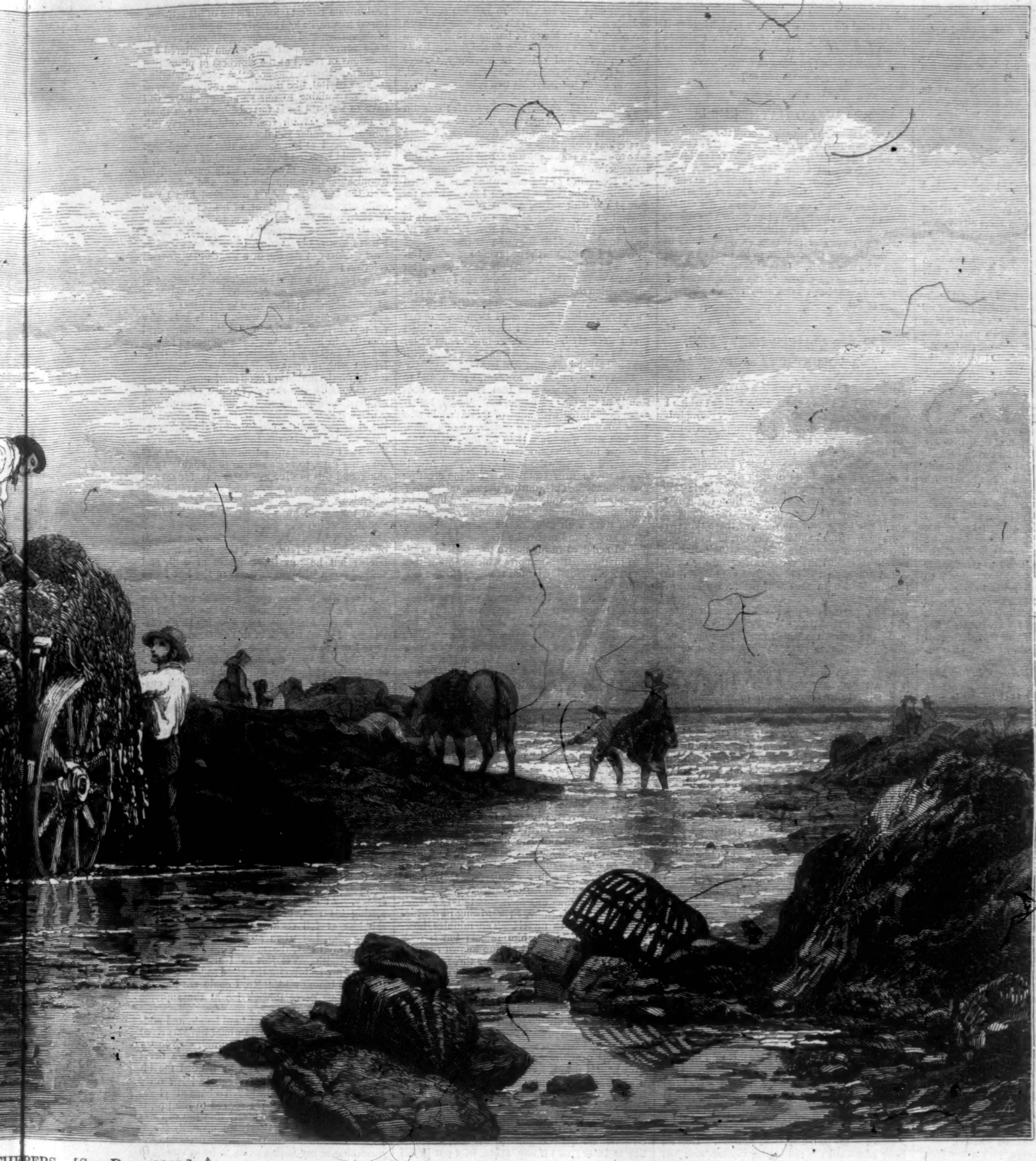

THERERS.—[See Page 1058.]

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her, told her in truest, tenderest words how the happiness of his future life was bound up in her; how, rich or poor, she was dearer to him than all the world beside.

And so, in the London fog and gloom, under the smoky metropolitan trees, they plighted their troth—Justina ineffably happy.

"I thought you did not care an atom for me," she said, when all had been told.

"I thought you only cared for James Penwyn's memory."

"Poor James! That love was like a midsummer night's dream."

"And this is reality?"

"Yes."

He holds her to his beating heart under the autumnal trees, and kisses her with the kiss of betrothal.

"My love, my dearest, my truest, my best, what is wealth, or position, or all this bitter world can give and take away, measured against love like ours?" And after this homily, which Justina remembered a great deal better than the great preacher's sermon, they turn their face homeward, and arrive just in time to prevent the utter ruin of the dinner, which their tardiness had imperiled.

"You wouldn't have liked to see a pretty little bit of beef like that reduced to the condition of a deal board, now, would you?" asked Mr. Elgood, pointing to the miniature sirloin.

Humphrey and Justina interchanged smiles. They were thinking that they would be content to dine upon deal boards henceforward so long as they dined together.

CHAPTER LIII.

"NOT AS A CHILD SHALL WE AGAIN BEHOLD HER."

Humphrey Clissold went back to Cornwall next day, with full powers, so far as Justina's interests were concerned. Her greatest anxiety was to see the unhappy mother from whom she had been severed since the hour of her birth; but to bring about a meeting between these two was not the easiest thing in the world. Other interests were at stake. The Albert Theatre could not get on without Justina, or so the manager affirmed; and Justina's engagement was for the entire season. No breaking it, save by forfeiture of reputation with the public, and at the hazard of a lawsuit.

The only thing to be done was to bring Muriel nearer London, so soon as she should be strong enough to bear the journey. Humphrey hoped much from the daughter's influence upon the mother's disordered brain. He was at Borcel End by eight o'clock in the evening—neither Mr. Trevanard nor his son suspecting that their erratic guest had been further than Seacomb—and found the aspect of things improving. Muriel was calmer, the burns had proved of the slightest, and all was going on favorably. He went in and sat by her bedside for a few minutes, and talked to her. The wan eyes looked at him calmly enough, but with a curious wonder. He found that she remembered nothing of the fire, and had no idea why she had been ill and in pain. But she did remember the promise he had made her about her daughter.

"Some one told me I should see my baby again," she said. "I don't know who it was, but some one told me so, and I know that I shall see her—when we meet our friends in heaven."

"You shall see her here, on this earth," said Humphrey.

"Is that true?"

"Quite true."

"Then let me go to sleep till she comes; lay her here beside me, and let me find her here when I open my eyes—my sweet baby."

"Consider how many years have come and gone since you saw her. She is an infant no longer, but a beautiful young woman."

Muriel stared at him with a puzzled look.

"I don't want to see any young women; I want my baby again—the little baby my mother stole from me."

This made things difficult. Humphrey saw in this a fond clinging to the past, memory strong enough to make the lapse of years as nothing. He made no attempt to argue the point, but left Muriel to the devoted grandmother's care.

The blind woman sat in her easy-chair by the bed, knitting industriously, and murmuring a soothing word now and then. No voice had such power to comfort Muriel.

"When shall I see my niece, and when will you tell father?" Martin asked, eagerly, directly he and Humphrey were alone together.

"You shall see your niece as soon as your sister is strong enough to bear a journey, when you can bring her up to some quiet little place in the neighborhood of London. As for your father, I think my chain of evidence is now so complete that I can not tell him too soon. I will get a quiet hour with him to-morrow after breakfast, if I can. Later I am going to the Manor-house to examine my ground and discover if there is any chance of a friendly compromise."

"I hope you'll be able to settle things pleasantly," said Martin. "I can't bear the idea of those poor young ladies—Mrs. Penwyn and Miss

Bellingham—being turned out of house and home."

"It shall not be so bad as that, depend upon it," replied Humphrey.

He was down early next morning, and asked Mr. Trevanard for half an hour's conversation after breakfast.

"An hour, if you like," answered Michael, in his listless way. "There's not much for me to do upon the farm. I only potter about; the men would get on quite as well without me, I dare say."

"I can't believe that, Mr. Trevanard," said Humphrey, cheerily. "The master's eye—you know the old adage."

"Bridget was the ruling mind, Sir. Bridget was worth twenty of me."

It was a cold and blusterous morning, the dead leaves falling fast from the few trees about Borcel, but Michael and his companion were fond of the open air, so they went out into the neglected garden, a wilderness where Muriel had been wont to range alone and at liberty for the last twenty years.

Here in a narrow path, screened by hazel bushes, the farmer and Humphrey Clissold paced up and down while Humphrey told his story, taking care to soften Bridget Trevanard's part in the domestic tragedy, and to demonstrate that, when erring most, she had been actuated only by regard for the family honor, and a mistaken family pride.

Michael heard him with deepest emotion.

"My poor girl—my beautiful Muriel. You don't know how proud I was of her—how I doted on her, and to think that I should never have suspected that all was not well, that my poor child was being ill-used in her own home."

"Not ill-used," remonstrated Humphrey, pleading for the dead wife who had trusted him with her secret. "There was no unkindness."

"No unkindness! They made her suffer shame; they refused to believe in her purity; was that no unkindness? They robbed her of her child! For what? The world's good word. I would have stood between my darling and the world. None should have dared to slander her while I was near. What right had my wife to take this matter into her own hands, to hoodwink me with her secrecies and suppressions. I would have stood by my child. Muriel would have trusted me. Yes, she would have trusted her indulgent old father even if she feared to confide in her mother. Bridget was always too severe."

"Remember that your wife erred in her anxiety for your good name."

"Yes, yes, I know that. God knows it goes hard with me to speak against her in her grave, poor faithful soul. She was faithful according to her notion of right. But she took too much heed of the world—her world—half a dozen families within five miles of Borcel. The sun and moon and heaven and all God's angels were not so much account to her. Poor soul. She must have suffered. I've seen the lines of trouble growing deeper in her face, and never knew why they came there. My poor trampled-upon Muriel! It was a cruel thing to send away the child. I could have loved it dearly!"

"You will love her dearly still, when I bring her to you."

"Yes, but not as I could have loved her twenty years ago, when she was a helpless infant. My first-born grandchild."

The idea that this grandchild of his was the rightful owner of the Penwyn estate, Borcel End included, moved Michael Trevanard but slightly. He was not calm enough to consider this business from a worldly point of view. He could only think of the grandchild that was born under his roof, and spirited away while he lay in his bed, unsuspecting of the evil that was being wrought for love of his good name. He could only think of the persecuted daughter, whose life had been made so bitter—of the husband who had never lived to acknowledge his wife—the father who had never known of his child's birth. The thought of these things altogether absorbed his mind, and he scarcely realized the fact of his grandchild's claim to wealth and position.

"And where is she? What is she doing now? Muriel's daughter, my grandchild?" he asked.

Humphrey explained Justina's position.

"What," cried the old man, with a wry face, "a play-actress? Raddled red and white, and in short petticoats all over tinsel stars, capering outside a show." His only notion of actresses was founded on his experiences at Seacomb cattle fair. "Do you mean to say that my flesh and blood has come to that?"

Humphrey hastened to correct the farmer's idea of the dramatic profession, and to assure him that his granddaughter was to all intents and purposes a lady; modest, refined in feeling and in manner, beautiful in mind and person, a grandchild of whom he might have ample reason to be proud.

"A London theatre is not in the least like those itinerant play-houses you have seen at Seacomb fair," he said.

"Humph! They don't dance outside, I suppose, or play the Pandean pipes, and beat a gong?"

"Nothing approaching it. You might mistake a London theatre for a church, looking at its outside."

"And they don't raddle their faces, eh?"

"Oh dear, no," Humphrey replied, with a faint twinge in that region of his censorium which phrenologists appropriate to conscientiousness. "Not in the least. In short, acting in London is a high art."

"And no short petticoats and tinsel stars, eh?"

"No tinsel stars. Nor does your daughter ever appear in short petticoats. She is a most refined and elegant actress, and I know that whether you see her on or off the stage, you will be equally charmed with her."

"I shall love her for Muriel's sake," answered Michael Trevanard, tenderly. "Yes, I should love her dearly, even if she raddled her cheeks and danced outside a show at a fair."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

SEA-WEED GATHERERS.

Along the rocky sea-coasts of all the temperate regions is a coarse olive-green sea-weed, known popularly as the "bladder-weed." It is a broad flat plant, shaped something like a strap, with numerous branches, which are provided at small intervals with air bladders, by means of which the free end floats on the surface of the water. From this peculiarity the plant derives its name. This abundant weed is gathered in great quantities by farmers at low tide, as represented in our double-page illustration, to be used as a manure for their fields. It is also largely employed, with other sea-plants, in the manufacture of the crude soda-ash known by the commercial name of kelp.

THE RED LEATHER POCKET-BOOK.

A VOLUNTEER'S STORY.

I.—HOW I CAME BY IT.

There lies before me, on the table at which I write, a pocket-book, a faded, bulging, crumpled, red leather pocket-book, stained and spotted as with exposure to wet and long use.

I have just read for the twentieth time, ere replacing them, its somewhat bulky contents, and they have left my mind in such a fever of emotion, in such a conflicting state of gratitude and relief, of misery and depression, that I can not feel they show me more than a rift in that gloom which has hung over me for now these thirteen years past. Still I hail it gratefully, and through it perceive a reason why I ought, in justice to myself, to record my version of certain events, which otherwise I would gladly have allowed to remain hidden in that oblivion into which, in these rapid-going days, even some of the most startling tragedies in private life are soon allowed to pass. That pocket-book contains their sequel—the narratives which impel me to action. They are messages from the sea, washed up in the flotsam and jetsam of a great wreck. They have just been given into my possession, for it is to me that they are directed. Had not an inconceivably malicious spirit of revenge kept them back—ah, how much misery I might have been spared!

A week ago the whole country was thrown into a state of consternation by the accounts of a terrible disaster in the Channel. A large ship filled with German emigrants, bound for New York, foundered, with nearly every soul on board, in a heavy gale off Shingle Head. Some few escaped in the boats; but of the rest little or no trace has been discovered. Here and there a body has been washed up; and yesterday morning I read in the newspaper the following paragraph:

"Some Newhaven fishermen, when about five miles out at sea, on the evening of the 3d inst., descried an object floating, and, on bearing up to it, found it to be the body of a woman; it was supported by a life-belt, and, considering the time it must have been in the water, presented few marks of disfigurement. It was recognizable as that of rather a handsome muscular person of about five-and-thirty; and when brought on shore, the authorities discovered, through certain articles in the pockets of the dress, that the name of the unfortunate creature was Pauline Imhaüsli, obviously one of the passengers on board the ill-fated ship."

Having read thus far, the paper nearly fell from my hands, and I stood up as if I had been electrified. But this was as nothing to the sensations I experienced when, controlling myself, I finished the paragraph.

"Among these articles," it went on, "and sewn up in a sort of water-proof money-girdle worn round the waist, was a red leather pocket-book containing a sealed packet, addressed, in a foreign handwriting, to Gerald Mostyn, the Elms, Fulham"—my own name and address! Half an hour afterward the red leather pocket-book had been put into my hands by an inspector of police.

II.—WHY IT CONCERNED ME.

Full of generous impulses, but wild, wayward, and in some matters exceedingly selfish, and with a vein of morbid cynicism amounting almost, at times, to savagery, Ernest Imhaüsli was a mere lad when I first knew him and his sister Pauline.

The peculiarities and contradictions of his character even then were conspicuous, and grew more so, of course, as he reached man's estate. His half German parentage and his more than half German nature accounted for much that was unusual in him, and which therefore did not interfere with one's appreciation of his good points. Well-educated, he had read far more than most young fellows of his age, and, without making a display of his knowledge, he would put it at your disposal in a frank and genial way. He was punctiliously honorable and exact in all his dealings, and it was chiefly when he approached the deeper and more philosophical regions of thought and speculation that he displayed, in spite of a tendency to reticence and secretiveness, what I can still only call the morbid side of his mind.

When he began his business career, and came straight from Germany to our office, at the age of seventeen, it devolved upon me, as his immediate senior, to initiate him into the mysteries of London commercial life. This led easily to my officiating in the same capacity with regard to social life, and we became inseparable. His mother, a widow, was an Englishwoman, and brought him and his sister to London soon after their father's death. This gentleman had been the agent for our house of business at Kiel, and hence his son's introduction to the firm. I was only an occasional visitor at his home, though he was frequently one at mine; for, truth to tell, I never cared much for his two relations. Why a young, handsome, and accomplished girl should have affected me so disagreeably as his sister did is a question I will not stop long to speculate about. It may have arisen from one of those mysterious antipathies which we do occasionally take toward a fellow-creature, and which, in this instance, may have been due to a dim unrecognized prescience of the misery she was destined to cause me, or it was because I fancied she regarded me with very different feelings. Paradoxical as this latter solution may seem, it is explained in the simple fact that there was no room in my heart left for any new image.

When I first made the acquaintance of the Imhaüslis I had been engaged only a few days. But as three or four years must elapse ere I should be in a position to marry, the subject was kept a profound secret. Useless now is it to conjecture how things might have fared had I been more open; but so pertinaciously did I keep my own counsel that I sincerely believe neither brother nor sister had the slightest idea of how matters stood with me until all the mischief had been done.

Thus much, in justice to them, I am bound to state. Well, I have said that Ernest was constantly at my father's house, and, indeed, he became acquainted with most of those people who were known to us, and of course, among them, the one who was more than all the rest to me. We saw little comparatively of Mrs. Imhaüsli and her daughter—the bond of personal friendship between Ernest and myself alone creating the intimacy. This, during the second year of my stay in England, was strengthened by a circumstance which must be here briefly related.

We were both athletes, he particularly, and being strong and active, he soon made the skill he had acquired in his native gymnasium available in those British sports which came within our scope. Notably he fell readily into the English style of rowing; he pulled a good oar; and many and many is the spurt we had in the summer evenings upon the upper reaches of the silver Thames. On one of these occasions, between Kew and Richmond, we two were pulling up on the full flood at a great pace, when a boating party of some half-drunken roughs, whom we were overtaking, and should have passed in another minute, seeing us coming, pulled suddenly across our bows, as if with the purpose of getting to the other side. There was a crash and a splash; something struck me heavily on the back of the head, and I remembered nothing more for many hours. Afterward I learned that at the moment of the collision, and when our boat had capsized, I was stunned by a blow from an oar which one of the roughs, instead of unshipping, continued wildly pulling at, and I was seen to sink like a stone—seen by Imhaüsli, who knew instinctively, with the presence of mind of a thorough swimmer, that under such circumstances I might not rise again until too late. Quick as thought he dived—failed to find me; twice he came up unsuccessful, only on the third time bringing me to the surface. Only then, too, were the miserable originators of the accident able to render any assistance; but by them we were taken on shore, Ernest being now nearly as insensible as myself. Ten minutes, however, sufficed to bring him round; but it took unremitted exertion and all the known restoratives at hand to revive me. For three-quarters of an hour I lay apparently dead, and should, in the enforced absence of a doctor, more than once have been given up as such, but for Ernest's persistency. Thus the preservation of my life was due to him in a double sense.

"So you were unconscious for more than two hours?" says Ernest, meditatively, in one of our first talks over the affair, when I was quite restored. "Curious now it is to speculate how it would have fared with you had I listened to the fools around us, and given up my efforts to bring back signs of life! Curious to think *when* and *where* you would next have awakened! You were dead to all seeming; the soul, that vital essence, had quite departed—whither, I should like to know; and if any where, why not in full consciousness? If, relieved from the trammels of the body, as yours was, it be capable of consciousness, why can not you, or your soul, give some account of yourself during those two hours? But for me you were actually dead. Had I not re-evoked the beating of your pulse, the next change we should have seen in you, had we stood by long enough, would have been putrefaction. Hence I say that to all intents and purposes your soul had fled; and yet, being brought back, it can tell no tale—can tell nothing until re-instated in its mortal home. Bah! My dear friend, what more proof can you want that this life is the be-all and the end-all?"

I raised my hand in deprecation of these sentiments, and, shocked and grieved to hear them from the lips of a man to whom I owed my life, I turned the conversation. I only set his words down here because they may offer some explanation of how his extreme views wrought him up to that state of mind which rendered the catastrophe that imbittered my life possible.

Eighteen hundred and fifty-nine, the year which saw the arming of the Volunteers, was just three years after the accident on the river. The conditions of our friendship and intercourse, as I have sketched them, remaining unchanged, it is not strange that Ernest and myself soon stood shoulder to shoulder in the ranks of the same metropolitan rifle corps. We were, like the rest of the young men, actively enthusiastic about the movement, and indefatigable at drill. And I must not here omit to mention that the new interest it created seemed for a time to act healthily on Ernest; for, in spite of his self-contained nature, he had latterly been showing signs of depression and discontent. He could not always restrain himself either from muttered expressions of regret at the slowness of promotion in the merchant's career. "A mere underling without capital, like myself," he said one day, as we were walking to our parade ground, "will have to wait till he is forty before he can think of marrying. With you, Gerald, it is very different. I wonder you don't get a wife."

Then, as I at last foresaw that my wedding-day would be fixed before the end of the year, I disclosed to him my secret. He expressed no astonishment, congratulated me, and asked me who the lady was. As I answered him I was quite unconscious, I repeat, of his betraying any emotion whatever. His face, to me, wore its usual impassive expression; yet, perhaps, had I been of keener observation, I should have seen at least a quiver of the lip, or a tinge of heightened color on the cheek.

In those days all appertaining to volunteering was in its infancy, and every body was beginning at the beginning; thus aiming drill was a conspicuous feature in our work. It is necessary for my purpose to explain that this aiming drill consisted in going through the motions of loading and cocking the piece, and squeezing the trigger with the proper time and steadiness essential for the making of good marksmen. Dummy targets, in the shape of rough cartoons of soldiers, were set up at the end of the parade ground, and the musketry instructor lectured on the elevation and the alignment of the sights required in taking aim at the different distances. The next step toward acquiring steadiness was snapping caps, to accustom us to a slight explosion; and this routine was carried on for several weeks before we were intrusted with even blank cartridge.

So time wore away to within a week of my wedding, which was fixed for the first week of December, 1859. Ernest Imhaüsli's depression of manner had returned, I thought, somewhat lately; but he was indefatigable at drill, and walked down with me as usual to the last I was to attend as a bachelor.

There was to have been a march out of the corps to a suburban common for the purpose of giving us our first experience of firing blank cartridge. Fifteen rounds of this ammunition were served out to each man immediately we fell in; but rain just then coming on, the project was abandoned, and another drill substituted in our shed. We had been snapping caps in the customary manner, and had returned to the armory, when, after restoring our unused ammunition, a discussion, started by Imhaüsli, arose, characterized by all the eagerness and some of the folly belonging to young recruits, as to the steadiness which could be maintained in aiming at living men instead of dummies.

"Don't tell me," said I, "that you could stand at one end of this room, and, aiming at my breast, even snap a cap at me as steadily as you could at the target!"

The foolish experiment was tried; and I experienced the unpleasant sensation of looking down the muzzle of a rifle pointed straight at me not twenty paces off. I could see that most of the men blinked and wavered at the moment they snapped the cap; not one of their pieces was steady. At last it came to Ernest's turn, and, seizing his rifle, he brought it briskly to his shoulder at full cock. He was a long while taking aim, but when at length he had fairly covered my heart, the muzzle did not swerve a hair's-breadth. Yet just as I thought he was about to fire he brought the piece suddenly down, uncocked it, and said, "No, I could not pull the trigger; my nerve forsook me at the supreme moment."

Then he laughed a short hard laugh, and added, "No; why, the muzzle would have wavered like a weather-cock. Here, Gerald, do you try now—see what effect aiming at a man's heart has upon your nerves," and he handed me his rifle; for I, acting as the target, had left mine in the rack. Then Imhaüsli changed places with me; he stood up; I retired to the proper distance, cocked my rifle, saw that the cap was in its place, brought it slowly up, mentally counted the regulation one, two, three, four, and determining in my foolish pride to be as steady as Ernest, with the muzzle directed straight at his breast, squeezed the trigger without flinching.

Simultaneously with the explosion the recoil of the piece told me it was loaded.

There was a wild shriek, a rush forward, a roar of sound in my ears, a blinding smoke, and at my feet Ernest Imhaüsli, motionless, with a stream of blood oozing through the breast of his gray uniform!

* * * * * *

To linger on what followed would cost me, even now that I have just read the contents of that pocket-book, too much pain. I have scarcely been able to write thus far, so vividly is the whole misery brought back to me. Ernest was dead—shot through the heart, and by my hand! The rifle, by some utterly unaccountable means, had been loaded, and with ball-cartridge. The bullet had gone straight through his body, and was buried in the wall beyond. Three minutes before and that identical weapon had been turned against me!

What did it all mean? For thirteen years I have asked myself this question, and until yesterday no suspicion of the truth ever crossed my mind.

III.—WHAT IT CONTAINED.

A letter, directed to me, from Pauline Imhaüsli, dated

"Kiel, *March*, 1860.

"So long as I live you shall suffer—shall remain in the full conviction that you slew my brother through your own folly—shall be kept in ignorance of the only facts that can mitigate your remorse. This is how I can best nourish my revenge; but, if you survive me, I do not desire to carry it beyond the grave. Therefore I write this in explanation of why I keep back the inclosed leaves torn from Ernest's diary.

"I loved you desperately, madly, even from our first meeting. I thought you saw that I did, and I encouraged hope; but when you made no sign, I believed I was wrong, and that you had not understood me. Then, bent only upon one object, I determined at any risk to show you my heart. I fear I did this more plainly than became the modesty of woman. When you were still silent, and appeared to avoid me, there commenced a change in my feelings; my vanity was outraged. I said to myself, 'Does this man know what he rejects so scornfully? Does he hold such love as mine so light that he goes to the length of spurning it?' Yes, it was so. And in time I grew to hate you for it as much as I once loved you. One day Ernest brought the news that you were going to be married, and I began to seek some means of revenge. His death soon after by your hand supplied me with them. I knew that after *that* you never could be happy, but it made me so to know your anguish.

"Your marriage, to begin with, was postponed; this was one step in my revenge, and an evidence of your misery. I gloried in it. When I came upon Ernest's diary, I read in the latest entries words that, as I have stated, might, in a degree, solace you. Then again I said to myself, with increased gratification, 'I will retain them; and lo! I keep alive an agony in the heart of the man who shot him, which in itself is vengeance!'

"The shock of the son's dreadful end the mother did not long survive, and, returned to my native place, I am alone in the world. The influence of this solitude, perhaps, it was that gave the better side of my nature play again.

"However this may be, it has once or twice crossed my mind to send you these leaves. Yesterday I think I should have done so, but, as the Fates willed it, I chanced to read in our English paper here that your long-delayed marriage had been at length accomplished on Monday last. My hatred burns again at the thought; it overwhelms every other feeling, and I am determined.

"Secured in this same sheet of paper on which I write I will wear about me Ernest's last words until I die. If they ever reach you, it will be when I am past all feeling, and it will signify nothing to me that your remorse is abated.

"PAULINE IMHAÜSLI."

Odd Pages torn from the Diaries of Ernest Imhaüsli.

"*August* 10, 1856.

"There is no doubt of it—she evokes feelings in my heart to which it has hitherto been a stranger. A whole evening in her society has convinced me of this."

"*September* 7, 1856.

"I begin at least to hope her thoughts are not preoccupied; if so, there is a clear field. I should have thought she would have been just the girl Gerald would have chosen to make his wife. She has all the charms he professes to extol in women. Her position accords with his; every thing points to it as being what they call in this country a desirable match; and yet...... I can not trace any appearance of a bond between them. Besides, I think he would tell me if there were. But I shall watch."

"*April* 6, 1857.

"The closest observation fails to show me that there is any suitor for her hand. Hosts congregate around her, and no wonder—for, oh! is she not lovely? Yet she seems to single out none, least of all Gerald, whom I have figured so often as my most probable rival. To-night, after six months of the closest attention, I still believe he is indifferent to her. She absolutely treats him at times with disdain. Once or twice I have suspected that he inclines toward her; I have caught him with his eyes bent curiously upon her; but I suppose it meant nothing. My jealousy alone inspired the suspicion and the dread."

"*October* 12, 1857.

"I have abandoned myself entirely to thoughts of her. Never out of my mind, I incline to the belief that never was woman so loved by man before. Henceforward I devote myself to the attainment of a position which shall warrant me in asking for her as a wife; but until that is achieved or approached I must disguise my feelings, or I may be debarred from her acquaintance."

Here follows a series of extracts for a whole year, much to the same effect. On September the 29th, 1858, the entry stands thus:

"*Quarter-day.*

"A rise in the office at last! But what is it? Bah! a drop in the ocean. Forty pounds a year, which makes my income £180. I might as well ask for the hand of a princess of the blood as for that of this woman, upon whom I have centred my whole soul! My only hope lies in the still continued absence of any definite lover; but this can not continue much longer. Some day I shall be struck dumb by the news that she is to be married. Dumb, do I say?—dead, more likely. At times it is with the greatest difficulty I can control my feelings."

"*March* 25, 1859.

"Six months since my salary was raised. In twelve more, perhaps, my income may reach £200 or £220. The prospect is hopeless! Had I but some capital, I might look forward to trading on my own account. I have knowledge sufficient, and could see my way. But with this miserable routine, I shall be an old man ere I have a chance of marrying, and the only woman I ever would marry will, long before that time, have passed out of my reach. I grow desperate as I think of it. I refrain from going too often into society where I may meet her, lest I should commit some hideous folly. Yet I must be near her; and so I watch and skulk about in the neighborhood of the house like a thief. Gerald is oftener there, and for this even I have become furiously jealous of him."

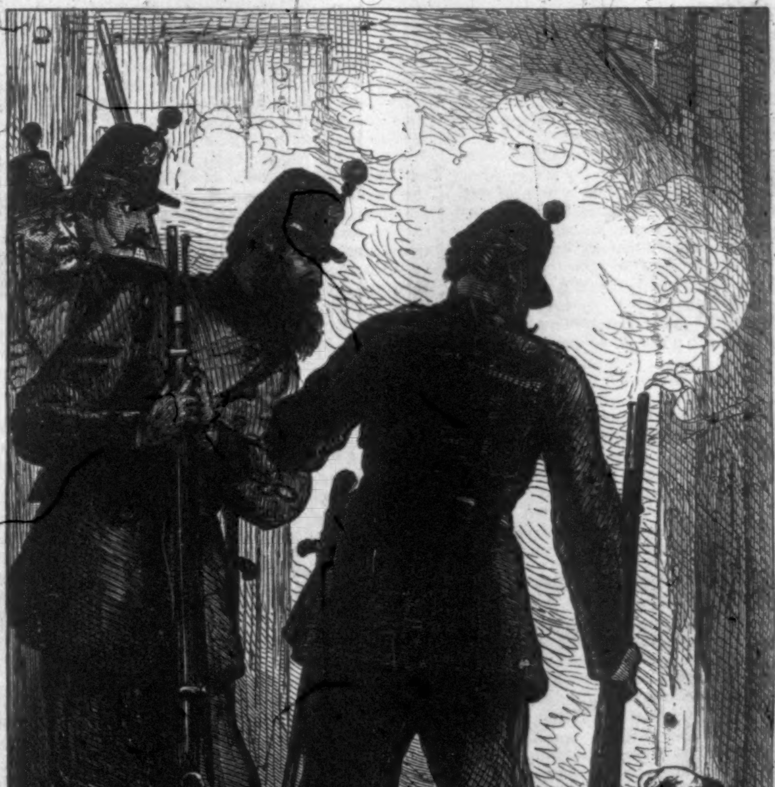
"*June* 17, 1859.

"Were it not that I am sure Gerald would have told me, I could have sworn there is now some clandestine understanding between them. At the picnic to-day he hardly left her side, and as I saw them whispering, I felt half out of my mind. I think at that moment, had I been certain there was meaning in his manner, I could have struck him to the ground.

"A strange sensation of enmity begins to battle with my friendship for him; for if it be not he, there is still no one else in the field."

"*August* 21, 1859.

"I have almost determined to accept the consequences, and ask her to be my wife. The consequences? Simply that I should be forbidden the house. The daughters of the English merchant princes are expected to marry into this same nobility. A father with twenty or thirty thousand a year expects a son-in-law with at least a fourth of that income to start with. What chance have I? Is not this a sufficient answer to any plea I could put forward?"



DEATH OF ERNEST IMHAÜSLI.

"*August* 29, 1859.

"This volunteering is a diversion; it has somewhat roused me from my melancholy. I like the drill, and anticipate pleasure from the shooting."

"*September* 20, 1859.

"The rifles were served out to-day—a glorious weapon! I enjoy handling it. I have not had a fire-arm in my hand since I was a boy."

"*October* 10, 1859.

"A large muster of the corps to-day. She came to see us, and my ardor for the drill was diminished. I could hear nothing; I could see nothing. I could understand no word of command; I behaved like a fool, or one possessed. How does a man feel, I wonder, when he begins to go mad? Does he ever think of destroying those he holds dearest?"

"*October* 24, 1859.

"It has come—and I have been right throughout! My shadowy dread is realized. She *is* engaged, and to Gerald!

"He told me this afternoon—*he*, my friend, whose life I twice saved—saved, that he might blight mine. What a mystery is fate! But it is quite certain we can not both live now. He or I must depart. I think I hid my feelings from him, and I will to the end, whatever form that may take......And Pauline has loved *him!* She confessed this when I spoke of his marriage. He must die—as surely as I saved him, so surely will I now destroy him."

"*November* 2, 1859.

"For more than a week I have deliberated upon the 'how' and the 'when.' We are wonderful beings, unable, in spite of ourselves, to grasp ideas in their true bearing: impulse obscures reason and judgment both.

"I am calmer now; let me try to write what I mean.

"I desire to make him suffer. Good! I almost lose sight of my love for her in this desire, and yet I have thought of *killing* him. The very means by which I render suffering impossible for him! Men only suffer while they live. Now I have suffered long enough. *I* am the person to die; therefore *he* must kill *me*, not *I him*. Then, for ten, twenty, thirty, forty years he lives on in agony—unparalleled, overwhelming agony. But that he may experience the full extent of it he must never know that *I design* and *devise* this punishment for him. He must suppose that he has brought it upon himself; that he has killed his friend, his 'dearest friend and preserver' (I laugh as I pen these words), by an accident—an accident arising from some egregious folly of his own, to which *I* will tempt him, as opportunity may offer. And for the opportunity? I look to find it in our practicing with these rifles. Blank cartridge will be served out shortly: if I can load the piece with one, and add a bullet unseen......or possess myself of a ball-cartridge before we are intrusted with them, and so disarm suspicion?—for this is most essential to my plan. Yes. As Iago says, ''Tis engendered, but yet confused.'"

"*November* 7, 1859.

"My only fear is that I shall not have patience. I shall be tempted to slay him some day before I can carry out my plan. As I hear him speak of the 1st of December I almost betray myself."

"*November* 23, 1859, 2 P.M.

"The cartridges, this afternoon, at a parade! I await my opportunity. Give me patience, Destiny! The danger will arise when I have loaded the piece. The temptation to shoot him while the weapon is in my hand may prove too great after all. Give me patience, O Reason!

"If these be the last words I ever write, remember, my sister (for it is into your hands they will fall; I have arranged for that), that they are for your eye only, written that you may know the truth, and so long as you keep it from him your revenge, as well as mine, will be accomplished. You and I are too much of one mind for any doubts as to my future to disturb you. Adieu! ERNEST."

It has been but a sore satisfaction, the eventual discovery of this truth; for it has but shown me to have been the dupe of one who was, perhaps, hardly responsible for his acts. We must, at least, hope he was not, and that that Reason which thinkers such as he magnify into a divinity was in reality, in his case, tottering on her throne.

THE ISLAND OF VULCANO.

THE island of Vulcano, of which we give several illustrations on the following page, is one of the most interesting of the group of volcanic islands, thirteen in number, lying in the Mediterranean north of Sicily, and now known as the Lipari Islands. The ancient name was the Æolian Isles. Seven of these islands, Vulcano, Lipari, Alicudi, Felicudi, Panaria, Salini, and Stromboli, are inhabited, while the other six are incapable of supporting life.

Vulcano may well be called "Nature's Laboratory by the Sea." It is the seat of incessant volcanic action, and from its principal crater, which is about a quarter of a mile in circumference and the same in depth, is constantly emitted vapor charged with sulphur, alum, vitriol, and ammonia. This hot sulphurous vapor, acting upon the rocks and other substances through which it passes, results in a great variety of products, which partly condense upon the surface and partly pass off into the atmosphere. The escape of clouds of vapor from the mouth of the crater may be observed far out at sea. Among the products may be enumerated as the most interesting, sulphurous acid and sulphur, boracic acid and borate of ammonia, chloride of ammonium (sal ammoniac), selenium, arsenic, thallium, potassic, sodaic, and ammonia alum and alumite, pumice-stone, obsidian, magnetic iron, etc.

The privilege of working this natural laboratory formerly belonged, under a grant from FERDINAND, King of the Two Sicilies, to the NUNZIANTE ducal family of Naples. Four hundred galley-slaves were employed in collecting and extracting the various products. The works were of the rudest construction, and the method of labor was of the same character. When the revolution of 1866, under GARIBALDI, gave Southern Italy to VICTOR EMANUEL, the island was abandoned and the works were allowed to fall into decay. In 1872 a project was formed for the better development of Vulcano. The minerals and property of the island were purchased from the NUNZIANTE family by JAMES STEVENSON, an enterprising capitalist of Glasgow, who has made great improvement in the working of the products, and constructed apparatus for the condensation upon a grand scale of the gases that pour forth from the crater. The residence of the superintendent, shown in the first cut, is built in the Moorish style, with flat roofs and raised terraces. The works are for the grinding, lixiviation, and crystallization of the products of surface condensation. About two hundred yards from the residence is the Porto Fuoco, on the beach, where may be seen boiling springs charged with sulphureted hydrogen. At the foot of the crater the cultivation of the soil has been commenced, and not only cereals, but figs, lemons, vines, melons, etc., grow luxuriantly, being protected from the hot winds by high borders of cane.

Our second sketch shows the interior of the great crater, where the first chambers for the process of condensation were constructed. These are situated at the very bottom of the crater. The plan is simple. The first and largest chamber is placed immediately over the gas vent. It is called the "chamber of concentration," is twenty-six feet long, twelve broad, and seven high. From it leads a flue into a smaller structure, called the condensing chamber. These chambers will be increased in number until all the gas vents in the crater are covered. Each chamber is provided with outlets for draining off the liquors charged with the valuable products into wells sunk on the outside, and other outlets for blowing out the gases when it is necessary to clear the chambers of the condensed products formed within. It is so designed that eventually, when all is completed, the workmen can draw regular quantities of the products, as flowers of sulphur, crystals of boracic acid and sal ammoniac, and their solutions, as from an ordinary manufactory. The chambers are constructed of lava and pumice-stone. These materials are the best in the world for the purpose, being almost indestructible, and fortunately for the enterprise they exist in great abundance on the island.

The bridge in the interior of the grand crater, shown in the third sketch, was recently constructed at great cost for the purpose of securing better communication between the works and the bottom of the crater. Previously the whole of the products of the crater had to be carried on the backs of galley-slaves over a mass of rough lava blocks and up a long steep ascent, where the poor wretches were exposed to the scorching sun and the suffocating fumes of sulphurous gas. The view from the bridge is wonderfully picturesque. You have before you the whole crater, with its walls of lava, marked with patches of orange and gold-colored crystallization; with its floors of sulphur deposits, covered daily with white crystal flakes of a silvery lustre, the "snow" of PLATO; while from hundreds of crevices rise jets of gas, which in innumerable forms take their flight into the air and shape themselves into variegated clouds. Through these rising vapors may be seen the forms of the workmen plying their occupation, as if standing in the very mouth